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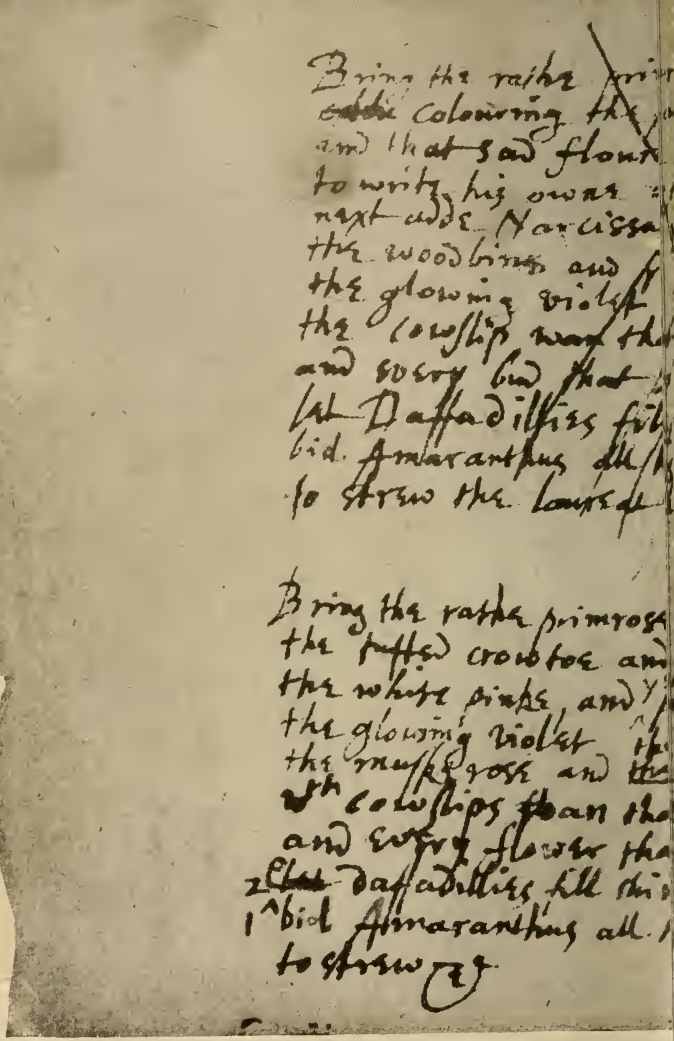
Bring the rathe prim
and Colouring the
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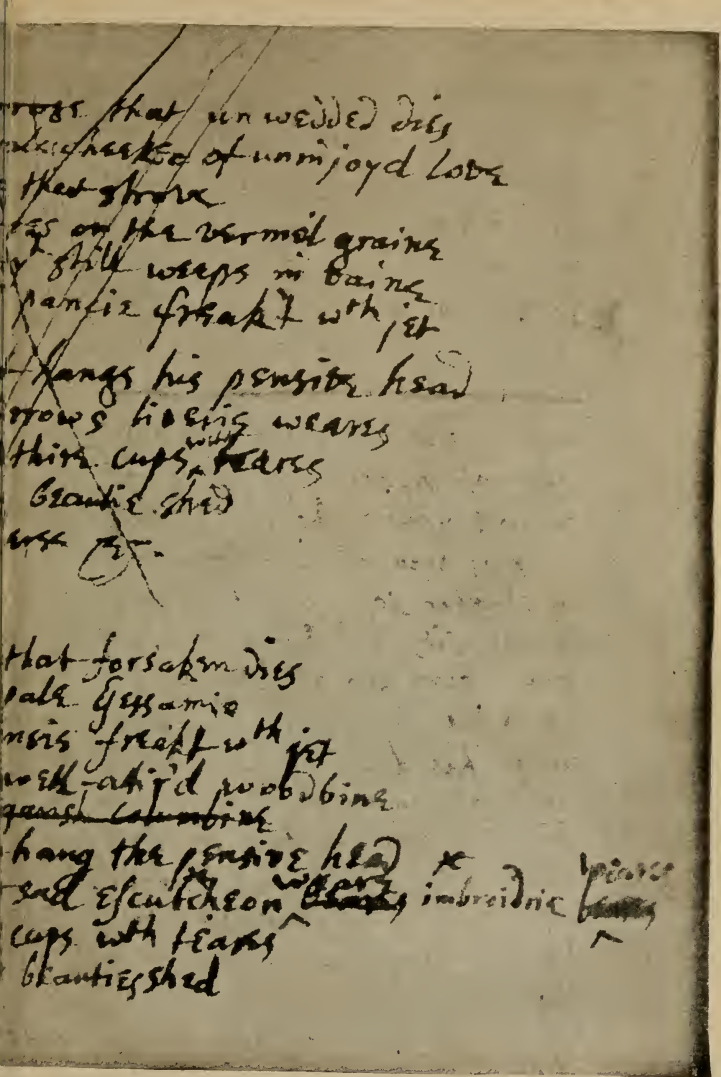
to write his own
next unto Narcissa
the woodbine and
the glowing violet
the cowslip wan the
and every bud that
Let Daffadillies fill
bid Amaranthus all
so strew the lawn

Bring the rathe primrose
the tufted crowtoe and
the white pink, and
the glowing violet
the muske rose and
the cowslips wan
and every flower
Let daffadillies fill
bid Amaranthus all
to strew



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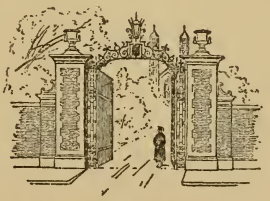
GATEWAY SERIES

MILTON'S MINOR POEMS

EDITED BY

MARY A. JORDAN, A.M.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, SMITH COLLEGE



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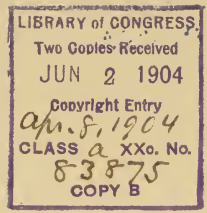

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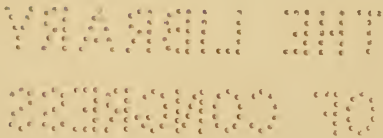

The Gateway Series

OF ENGLISH TEXTS

GENERAL EDITOR

HENRY VAN DYKE

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PREFACE BY THE GENERAL EDITOR

This series of books aims, first, to give the English texts required for entrance to college in a form which shall make them clear, interesting, and helpful to those who are beginning the study of literature; and, second, to supply the knowledge which the student needs to pass the entrance examination. For these two reasons it is called *The Gateway Series*.

The poems, plays, essays, and stories in these small volumes are treated, first of all, as works of literature, which were written to be read and enjoyed, not to be parsed and scanned and pulled to pieces. A short life of the author is given, and a portrait, in order to help the student to know the real person who wrote the book. The introduction tells what it is about, and how it was written, and where the author got the idea, and what it means. The notes at the foot of the page are simply to give the sense of the hard words so that the student can read straight on without turning to a dictionary. The other notes, at the end of the book, explain difficulties and allusions and fine points.

The editors are chosen because of their thorough training and special fitness to deal with the books committed to them, and because they agree with this idea of what a Gateway Series ought to be. They express, in each case, their own views of the books which they edit. Simplicity, thoroughness, shortness, and clearness, — these, we hope, will be the marks of the series.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

PREFACE

Doctor Henry van Dyke, the editor-in-chief of the Gateway Series, has recently put into suggestive and trenchant words the two principal ends which this volume tries to secure for the student of English. He says to the young friend going away from home to get an education: "A good many years ago I did what you are doing now. Since then things have changed a little in our American schools and colleges. The term opens later in the fall and closes earlier in the summer. Students' rooms are finer and warmer. 'Entrance requirements' are larger and stiffer. Tallow candles have gone out, electric lights have come in, and even kerosene oil has been refined to astral brilliancy. You are going to have more teachers, more elective courses, more expenses, more athletic trainers, more 'modern advantages,' including probably more kinds of food than I had. But, after all, these changes do not make any real difference in the meaning of the fact that you are going away from home to get an education. Your outfit may be better than mine, and the road may be a bit smoother, but you are starting on the same journey, and you have to face the same question, What goal are you going to make for, and how are you going to travel, straight or crooked? To answer this ques-

tion rightly, you must, first of all, remember that you are now a member of a privileged class. . . .

"Your studies . . . will be of two kinds: those that you like and those that you dislike. Use the former to develop your natural gifts, and the latter to correct your natural defects. There is a great difference in minds. Some are first-class, some are second-class, and so on. You can never tell what kind of a mind you have unless you test it thoroughly by hard work."

This volume has been prepared in the hope that it may help to fit young students for membership in a privileged class by supplying the hard work necessary to test and train their minds, and by affording the opportunity for both kinds of study, — that which develops natural gifts as well as that which corrects natural defects. For it is hardly to be expected that any young reader will like all of Milton. It is greatly to be deplored if the young student likes none of Milton. Some effort is clearly necessary to secure justice for both aspects of Milton's work, — the beautiful and the imposing.

To this end, the explanatory notes and the references to such reading as Milton is known to have done have been made as full as the space at hand would permit. For some teachers and for many students such a volume as this must take the place of dictionaries and classic authors. A definite effort has been made to direct the reader's attention to the structure of Milton's verse and to the characteristics and sources

of his diction as well as to his habits of composition. It is believed that such study will increase the reader's pleasure in the work and the worker, and lead to deeper reverence for genius by making clearer its working, whether its laws and explanation are fully attained or not. No good teacher need fear to disgust the student worth teaching by laying bare the ways of inspiration or by supplying the detail necessary for full acquaintance with the subject studied. The love of knowledge that rejects the labour of knowing is not worth the name. Aristotle and the writer of *Ecclesiastes* supplement each other and say the last word on education even to experts in child study and the management of the elective system. The one: "All men by nature are actuated with the desire of knowledge." The other: "And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith."

Obligation to previous students of Milton's life and works is a matter of course. The writer of this book has consulted them freely; used them, she believes, not slavishly, and she now records her gratitude to them for their labours of love and skill. A few passages overlooked by them or left in doubt she has been able to make clear.

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SMITH COLLEGE,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

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INTRODUCTION

I. Life of Milton

Edmund Spenser had been ten years dead and William Shakespeare had still about eight years longer to live when John Milton was born. The day was the 9th of December, 1608, and the place was his father's house, known as "The Spread Eagle," in Bread Street, Cheapside, near St. Paul's, London. The maiden name of Milton's mother was Sarah Jeffrey. She seems to have had very little direct influence upon the poet's literary development, his account of her being that she was "a most excellent mother and particularly known for her charities through the neighbourhood." To his father, at every opportunity, Milton pays the tribute of affectionate gratitude and enthusiastic respect. The character of this father obviously deserved all that the son's eloquence could commemorate. In the first place, he was a man who had made his own way in London to "a plentiful estate," after he had been disinherited by his father, Richard Milton, one of the stanchest of Oxfordshire Roman Catholics, for becoming a Protestant. How this commercial success was accomplished is not known in detail; for it was not until February, 1599–1600, when he

was thirty-seven years old, and married to a wife of about twenty-eight, that he was duly qualified as a member of the Scriveners' Company and that he set up house and shop in Bread Street. At this time, a scrivener was much more than a mere scribe or legal copyist. He was a notary, one who did some of the less important work of an attorney, in drawing up wills, bonds, mortgages, in lending money and placing investments. Furthermore, this particular scrivener was a thoughtful and cultivated man, with a talent for music which gave him standing among the composers of his time. Certain aspects of his character and his relation to his son are best set forth in that son's own words:

"My father destined me while yet a child to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that from the twelfth year of my age I hardly ever retired to rest from my studies till midnight, which was the first source of injury to my eyes, to the natural weakness of which were added frequent headaches; all of which not retarding my eagerness after knowledge, he took care to have me instructed daily both at school and by other masters at home."

The first of John Milton's teachers was Thomas Young, a Puritan clergyman, of whom, in one of his Latin poems, Milton says that this master is dearer to him than was Socrates to Alcibiades, Aristotle to Alexander, or Chiron to Achilles. In his twelfth year he was sent as a day-scholar to St. Paul's School, near his father's home, but Young still continued to teach him. This prolonged

service on the part of Young may have served as a relief to the discipline supplied by the master of St. Paul's, Alexander Gill, who is described as "an ingeniose person, notwithstanding his humours, particularly his whipping fits." Of the master's son, another Alexander Gill, and usher in the school, Milton became an intimate friend. During the four or five years of his study at this time of his life, he made good progress in Greek and Latin, learned some Hebrew and, by his father's advice, studied French and Italian. His own account is: "When I had acquired various tongues, and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy, he sent me to Cambridge." Besides his regular schooling, the young poet was trained by books and reading to a more liberal culture. The printer, Humphrey Lowndes, who also lived in Bread Street, lent him books of poetry, among them Spenser, and Du Bartas, translated by Sylvester. Another important influence in Milton's life at St. Paul's was his friendship with the young Italian, Charles Diodati, so often and so feelingly characterized in his letters and in his Latin *Elegia Prima*, *Sexta*, and *Epitaphium Damonis*. While he was still a scholar in St. Paul's, his sister Anne, a year or two older than himself, married, in 1624, Mr. Edward Phillips, second clerk in the Crown office in Chancery, leaving John and his younger brother, Christopher, the only children at home in Bread Street. To the year of his sister's marriage belong the earliest preserved specimens of John Milton's verse. They are *Paraphrases* on Psalms cxiv and cxxxvi. This work,

mechanical as it may seem to readers out of sympathy with the type of literature it represents, still gives clear evidence to the close observer of the peculiar genius of Milton, of his habits of life and of mind, and of that characteristic result of them all, his culture. It must be remembered that before he went to Cambridge he had probably "ceaselessly studied" and "insatiably read" the books of "his day," what we now call contemporary literature; Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, *Sonnets*, and *Tempest*, Chapman's *Iliad*, J. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, the King James Version of the *Bible*, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the First Folio of Shakespeare. Drummond, Drayton, and Wither had written poetry commanding attention, and the year after Milton entered college, the final form of Bacon's *Essays* appeared. All this justifies Edmond Schérer's assertion that "he belongs at once to the Renaissance and to Puritanism. The whole character of his work is explained by this double filiation. He is a poet, not of the great creative age, but of that age's morrow, — a morrow still possessed of spontaneity and conviction. Yet he is a didactic and theological poet, that is to say, the only kind of poet which it was possible for an English republican of the seventeenth century to be. . . . But also what a transition was that from the Renaissance to Puritanism! And yet the one sprang from the other, for Puritanism is but Protestantism in an acute form, and Protestantism itself is but the Renaissance carried into the sphere of religion and theology."

On the 12th of February, 1624–5, Milton was enrolled as a Lesser Pensioner on the books of Christ College, Cambridge. A pensioner in the University of Cambridge is one who pays for his commons and so corresponds to a commoner at Oxford. He was matriculated in the University, April 9, 1625. Here he lived and studied, with frequent absences in vacation and at other times, for seven years. His tutor to whom he was assigned was the Reverend William Chappell, later Bishop of Cork and Ross. Milton got on so ill with this tutor that the Master of the College, Dr. Thomas Bainbridge, had to interfere. Justice seems to have been done with an even hand, for Milton was sent, or withdrawn, from college in circumstances equivalent to rustication; but he was allowed to return, and on his return was transferred to another tutor, Mr. Nathaniel Tovey. When Christopher Milton joined his brother at Christ's in 1630–1, it was to Tovey that he was assigned. Milton took his bachelor's degree at the regular time in 1628–9, and the master's degree in July, 1632. Still this episode was not without its inconveniences; for in later times of political and personal controversy, it gave some show of occasion for the charge that he had been "vomited out" of the University for unbecoming conduct and indecorous life. Milton's treatment of the charge was as characteristic as the whole episode doubtless was.

"It hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind the more than ordinary favour and respect which I found, above any of my

equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the Fellows of the College wherein I spent some years, who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them if I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection toward me. . . . My father sent me to Cambridge; there I devoted myself for a space of seven years to the literature and arts usually taught, free from all reproach, and approved of by all good men, as far as the degree of Master, as it is termed."

The simple truth is that Milton did not particularly enjoy "college." He does not look back to this time of his life with any great affection. He was refined in his tastes, and studious by choice. The rougher men nicknamed him "The Lady," — quite as much, probably, for his haughty refinement as for his delicate beauty. Anthony Wood says that he "performed the collegiate and academical exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts." College popularity based on the trait suggested by the last clause of Wood's characterization would certainly be a plant of slow growth, in our day, no less than in Milton's. None the less, when Milton signed the Articles of Religion on the occasion of his receiving the Master's degree, his name heads the list of those from Christ's College. And there were students of talent and worth in Cambridge who must have

appreciated the poet's genius whether they enjoyed his manners or not. Here were Edward King, whom Milton celebrated as Lycidas; the satirical poet, John Cleveland; Henry More, the Platonist; Jeremy Taylor, pauper scholar, and "golden" writer; Edmund Waller, "nursed in parliaments"; quaint Thomas Fuller, and Thomas Randolph, earlier employer of Milton's famous phrase, "buxom, blithe, and debonair." The list of Latin and English "pieces" produced by Milton during his stay at Cambridge is long, and full of interest to the student. Still more than the titles, the pieces themselves supply much material for the history of Milton's opinions and some evidence in regard to facts of his biography. Most of those remained in manuscript; only two productions finding their way into print at the time. The *Naturam non pati Senium* was printed for academic purposes. The lines *On Shakespeare* appeared anonymously in the Second Folio of Shakespeare, published in 1632. It is a pity that the wholly deserved attention given to the English poems should seem to have diverted an equally well merited interest from the Latin compositions in prose and verse. At the risk, however, of still further emphasizing this inequity, the young reader's love and admiration are "bespoke" for the type of scholar who expressed his own ideals and "joy of living" in such poems as these:

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEARE

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones ?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even

To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

Other well-known English poems of this period are *On the Death of a Fair Infant* (1626), *At a Vacation Exercise* (1628), *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (1629), *On the University Carrier* (1630).

From the evidence of letters and statements bearing directly and indirectly on the subject, it is well known that Milton's father originally intended him for the church. But the great changes that had taken place in the political condition of England during his stay at Cambridge, where he was always an alert and sensitive observer of contemporary events, had evidently reinforced "an inward prompting" which, wherever it was to carry him, forbade his taking orders in the church of England.

To Horton, a small village of Buckinghamshire, near Windsor and twenty miles from London, Milton's father had gone to live when he retired from business, and here Milton spent five years and eight months in study and literary work. His account is, "I was wholly intent, through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and Latin writers, but still so that occasionally I exchanged the country for the city, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning anything new in Mathematics or in Music, in which I then took delight." Milton's taste for music was one that he shared with his father and it must have strengthened the uncom-

mon sympathy between them. Possibly, even, it may have helped the older man to withstand his own wistful impatience to see his son give some fruit of his genius, instead of so prolonging the time of "ripening." To the influences of this time may not improbably be added the natural grief of a sensitive young man over the death of a good mother. A plain slab in the floor of the Horton Parish Church reads: "Heare lyeth the Body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637." About the same time died Edward King, fellow of Milton's college in Cambridge. The first-fruits of Milton's peculiar genius also belong to this time. For here Masson places the best of what are called Milton's minor poems. These are: *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *At a Solemn Music*, *On Time*, *Upon the Circumcision*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*.

Nor was the scholarship of Milton unrecognized. The laborious days and reading nights of this terrible worker were making him one of the most learned men of his time. Milton was admitted to the master's degree at Oxford in 1635.

But Milton had long dreamed of travel. His thoughts turned to the centres of historic and artistic influence on the Continent. In April, 1638, he gained his father's somewhat reluctant consent to his plans.

He left his father at Horton in the companionship of his younger son, Christopher Milton, and his newly wedded wife, Thomasine Webber, of London. Well furnished with letters of introduction, among which was one

from Sir Henry Wotton, Milton, accompanied by a man-servant, went to Paris. Here through the attention of Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador to Louis XIII, he met the learned jurist Hugo Grotius, then living in Paris as ambassador from Sweden. Through Nice, Leghorn, and Pisa, Milton made his way to Florence, where he stayed about two months, and met, greatly to his satisfaction, the wits and scholars of the city, besides enjoying the beauties and associations of the neighbourhood. He speaks of receiving courtesies that he can never forget from Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Pietro Friscobaldo, Agostino Coltellini, Benedetto Buommattei, Valerio Chimentelli, and Antonio Francini. He saw, too, "the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." A similar experience of gratifying attentions from citizens of note and consideration met him in Rome. He attended a concert in the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini and heard Leonora Baroni sing. He was made free of the literary clubs, and in Naples met Giovanni Battista Manso, full of years and honour. This friend of Tasso was most gracious to Milton, whose sense of indebtedness expressed itself in a Latin poem. Manso replied by the gift of two engraved goblets and a Latin epigram. Milton said of their intercourse: "I experienced from him as long as I remained there, the most friendly attentions. He accompanied me to the various parts of the city, and took me over the Viceroy's palace, and came more than

once to my lodgings to visit me. At my departure he made earnest excuses to me for not having been able to show me the further attentions which he desired in that city, on account of my unwillingness to conceal my religious sentiments."

In Naples "the sad news of civil war" reached him, and he resolved to return to England, "inasmuch," he says, "as I thought it base to be travelling at my ease for intellectual culture while my fellow countrymen at home were fighting for liberty." This estimate of the critical condition of affairs in England was not strictly accurate, as doubtless Milton soon found out, for he made his journey in the fashion and pace of a philosopher or poet rather than in that of the soldier or anxious patriot. He revisited Rome and Florence and sought out the Protestants of Geneva. He held daily intercourse with Dr. Jean Diodati, who was not only an eminent theologian, but commended to Milton as the uncle of his friend, Charles Diodati. It was August, 1639, before he reached England. The literary result of this journey took the immediate form of Latin familiar epistles, Latin poems, and Italian sonnets. During his journeying Milton had learned the painful fact of the death of his close friend, Charles Diodati. His return to Horton made the details of his bereavement so sadly familiar to him that only the foreign tongue in which it is written makes the *Epitaphium Damonis* second to *Lycidas* as an expression of noble grief. As an outburst of personal regret even the Latin barrier cannot conceal its superiority.

Towards the close of 1639 Milton went into lodgings in London. Here he hoped for studious leisure in which to produce a great English poem. But the sympathy of the English Puritans with the Scottish opposition to Episcopacy, the contest of the Long Parliament with Charles I, and Milton's lifelong sense of duty combined to make an atmosphere in which the poet's singing robes and garland seemed hopelessly out of place. With the breaking out of civil war in 1642, Milton had definitely committed himself to the Parliament side. But a short list of dates and a brief statement of a single decision do scant justice to the complexity of Milton's character or the multiplicity of his interests. His effort to live satisfactorily in Fleet Street lodgings had been given up after a brief trial. He moved to a detached house with a garden, in Aldersgate Street, where he could have more of what were almost necessities to him, then and always, — privacy and quiet. His mental attitude at this time may be best described in his own words, ". . . with no small delight, I resumed my intermitted studies, cheerfully leaving the issue of public affairs, first to God, and then to those to whom the people had committed that charge." His practical energy took the form of "commencing schoolmaster." His two nephews, Edward and John Phillips, had been "put to board" with him. These, with a small number of boys, "the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends," made a school that must indeed have justified the description of it as select. The course of study included mathematics and astronomy,

Syriac, Chaldee, Hebrew, Greek, French, Latin, Italian, and the compilation from dictated notes of a system of divinity arranged by Milton himself. The master believed in severe discipline, but used familiar and free conversation; he worked hard, lived on a spare diet for an example to his students; but, none the less, gave himself what he called "a gaudy day," with "young sparks of his acquaintance," about once a month. His resolve to trust the issue of public affairs to God and then to those appointed by the people was soon invaded by "noises and hoarse disputes."

In 1641 appeared *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England and the Causes that have hitherto Hindered It*, by Milton; and the reply to Bishop Hall's *Humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament* entitled *Smectymnuus*, a word made up of the initials of the names of the authors, by five Puritan ministers. These were Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's first teacher), Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. In the controversy that followed, Milton published *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defense against Smectymnuus*. Complete absorption in these high matters and stormy debates must have been prevented by two events of personal significance to Milton. One was the advent of Milton's father. In 1643 he came from the house of his son Christopher in Reading to live with the poet. With John Milton he

lived until his death, in 1647. The other was the poet's marriage, thus described by Phillips: "About Whitsuntide, he [Milton] took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay home, he returns a married man who set out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of the Peace of Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire."

The Powell family was Royalist in its political sympathy. Mr. Justice Powell was in debt to Milton for a considerable sum of money, lent by his father. In spite of a "feasting held for some days in celebration of the nuptials," within two months of the marriage day, Milton's bride accepted an invitation from her friends in the country to visit them. The somewhat miscellaneous or conflicting considerations mentioned above did not afford grounds for a strong enough sense of conjugal duty to bring the lady back at the Michaelmas appointed by Milton as the limit of her stay. Milton's efforts to regain his wife were treated "with some sort of contempt," nor did she return for two years. This return has been variously interpreted as due to considerations of selfish policy, quickened by the course of public events, the need of support for the falling family fortunes, or the fear of her husband's acting upon the theories of divorce and marriage he was so fluently elaborating. For in 1644 Milton had published, at first anonymously, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;* in 1645, *Tetrachordon, or Expo-*

sitions upon the Four Chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage, and *Colasterion* the reply to an attack upon his first work on divorce. After Milton's forgiveness of his wife, he moved to a house in Barbican, where he received his impoverished father-in-law and his family after the surrender of Oxford. For a matter of two years, until Mr. Powell's death in January, 1647, Milton supported the family. His efforts to recover the sequestered property were partly successful. His residence in the house in Barbican was also marked by the birth of his first child, Anne, July 29, 1646.

To the year 1644 also belong the *Tractate on Education*, the *Areopagitica, or a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. The *Areopagitica* is the greatest of Milton's prose works, both for the sentiments it embodies and the dignity of its piled-up periods. The controversy between the Presbyterians and the Independents supplied him with occasion for weighty argument and sharp-drawn distinctions, but the close of the Civil War, in 1648, found Milton's store of poetry increased by only nine sonnets and a few efforts in Latin. Meantime he had moved again to a house in Holborn, where a second daughter, Mary, was born. But even settled domestic relations did not relieve Milton from the burden of public affairs. The execution of Charles I, in 1649, called out from the poet turned " proser " a defense under the title *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*. So it was probably no matter for surprise when he was commissioned Secretary of Foreign Tongues to the new Commonwealth by the Council

of State, March, 1649. His taste for statecraft was also indicated in the *Observations on Ormond's Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels.* The duties of the Latin Secretary, as Milton was called, are said by Professor Masson to have been much like those of the head of the present Foreign Office under the minister of that department for the English government. There was, however, one important difference; the council of state in Milton's time, as Masson accurately notes, managed the foreign ministry as well as all the other departments of state. During the early years of Milton's discharge of the duties of his post, the man and the poet practically disappear in the official. But as the man and his aims were great, so the officer was never petty. Milton never became a mere clerk or substitute for a district messenger boy. His labour was literally terrible, the sense of duty and of "a clear call" became a "strong compulsion." He was warned that he had already overtaxed his eyes and must look for total blindness unless he would lessen his heavy demands upon them. But these efforts were not called forth by the correspondence with kings or the interviews with ambassadors, useful as Milton was in these relations. Nor could his activity as official licenser of a newspaper called *Mercurius Politicus*, uncongenial and therefore costly as such oversight might seem to be to the author of the *Areopagitica*, have been particularly burdensome. The truth is that Milton was something between a "learned counsel," retained by the Commonwealth, and its strong-hearted champion,

ready to take up whatever gage was thrown down. During the ten years in which he defended it from all attacks, his prose work is represented by the *Eikonoklastes*, 1649, written in reply to the famous *Eikon Basilike* (Royal Image), supposed to be the prayers and meditations of Charles I; the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, 1651, in reply to the Leyden professor, Salmasius. For this last, the council returned thanks to "Mr. Milton." The critics and scholars of Europe made it their talk for months and expressed amazement at the "mangling" that the great Salmasius had suffered at the hands of one of "the English Mastiffs." But in 1652 he was totally blind. He says: "The choice lay before me, between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary: I could not but obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spake to me from heaven. I considered with myself that many had purchased less good with worse ill, as they who give their lives to reap only glory, and I thereupon concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing this, the greatest service to the common weal it was in my power to render."

In the years from 1649 to 1652 he had lived at Charing Cross and in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, that he might be near the scene of his duties. In the beginning of 1652, however, he moved to a garden house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. This house was later owned by Jeremy Bentham; and oc-

cupied by William Hazlitt, in 1811. The preoccupation of Milton's mind with the stir and smoke of conflict may be inferred from the fact that in the ten years of his active employment by the government, he wrote only eight sonnets and a few Latin pieces in the interests of artistic literature. In 1653–4 his wife died at the birth of a daughter, Deborah. In 1656 he married again, Catherine Woodcock, who died in childbirth fifteen months after marriage. In 1662–3 he married a third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, she being twenty-four and Milton fifty-four years of age. His relations with his daughters were not happy and hardly reasonable. The eldest was somewhat deformed, at this time in her seventeenth year, the next in her fifteenth, the third in her eleventh. The eldest could not write at all, the other two "but indifferent well." So the legend of their writing to his dictation is not strictly accurate. In lieu of better help, however, he would make the younger ones read to him, and to this end he had taught them to read in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew, although they did not themselves understand a word of what they were reading. They soon rebelled. He reproached them. He said they "made nothing of deserting him," they "made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the dunghill women," they "did combine together and council his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings." On the other hand, when his second daughter heard of his intention of marrying again, she said that "that was no news, to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of

his death, that was something." This miserable state of things was modified for the better by the advent into the family of the stepmother, and was finally ended by her plan, put in force about 1669, by which the three daughters no longer tried to live with their father, but went out, at their father's expense, "to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver."

Milton's literary work from 1652 to 1664 was important and interesting. There were fourteen of his Latin familiar epistles as one item. In 1654, appeared his reply to the anonymous attack made upon him in the interest of Salmasius. It was entitled *Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda.* Throughout this work Milton assumes that the author of the attack was Alexander More or Morus; in reality, it was Peter du Moulin. And Milton's abuse of Morus is terrible. His eulogy of Cromwell and the heroes of the Commonwealth is as splendid as his vituperation of their enemies. Morus replied to Milton, who responded, in 1655, with *Joannis Miltoni Angli pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum.* Here belong six sonnets of Milton's best: *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont* (1655), *On His Blindness*, *To Mr. Lawrence*, *To Cyriack Skinner*, *To the Same* (1655), *On His Deceased Wife* (1658).

Four of these sonnets are so valuable in the knowledge they afford of Milton that the student should study them affectionately and repeatedly.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

TO CYRIACK SKINNER, ON HIS BLINDNESS

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

This period of Milton's life takes on special interest for the student in view of the widely held opinion among literary critics that Milton was right in his feeling that he could work out only part, and that the baser part, of his great task by writing prose. That Milton should have preferred to write poetry, is natural, and we can understand his feeling of "left-handedness" while he was about his pamphlets and state papers, but we cannot feel full sympathy with those who regret the time and strength expended on them. Nor do the facts give ground for such regret. For there is little if any doubt that *Paradise Lost* was actually begun in the last year of the Protectorate. The subject as a suitable one for his great work had been in Milton's mind since 1639 or 1640, although, as it was first planned, the poem was to have been in dramatic form. Meantime Milton was writing eleven Latin letters in the interests of Richard Cromwell, and two for the restored Rump Parliament after the failure and abdication of Richard. At this time, October 1659, Andrew Marvell was his colleague in the office of secretary. *A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes* and *Considerations touching the Likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church* are titles showing the direction of Milton's efforts in these wretched times. *The Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth,* in March 1660, showed Milton still bearing up and steering right onward, despite a desperate certainty that the cause was lost and further struggle no more than a show of personal courage. Later editions and other

efforts of his are full of vehemence and urgent apprehension of the evil certain to come upon the British Islands. Poetry during this impending crisis he wrote none; instead he must have needed all his natural and acquired fortitude to bear up under the contemptuous retort of Roger L'Estrange in his *No Blind Guides*. Three Latin familiar epistles belong to this time. Charles II made his entry into London, May 29. Some of the bloody revenges that Milton had prophesied came about. But by some extraordinary dispensation, Milton escaped. To avoid apprehension, he fled from his house in Petty France and was concealed in a friend's house in Bartholomew Close, near Smithfield, while the Convention Parliament discussed the punishment proper for the regicides and anti-royalists. The fifty-four survivors of the seventy-seven "king's judges" who had tried and condemned Charles I were objects of bitter denunciation and active search. They were of course foremost on the list of those excepted from a Bill of General Indemnity and Oblivion, brought into the Commons in accord with the restored king's desire for clemency. Another list of some thirty or forty were denounced for general demerit and delinquency. The Commons on the 16th of June ordered Milton's arrest and indictment by the attorney-general on the score of the *Eikonoklastes* and the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Salmasium*. After due petition, a royal proclamation on the 13th of August called in all copies of these books and ordered them to be burned. But Milton's name never appeared in any of

the lists of persons excepted from the Bill of Indemnity, assented to by the king, August 29. Technically, then, Milton escaped by default, as it might be. There is little doubt, however, that he had powerful friends in the Commons and the Lords who protected his life and then advanced his interests as they could from time to time. For a short time he was in custody, but the records of the House of Commons show an order to the sergeant-at-arms to release Mr. Milton on the payment of his fees. Milton complained that the fees were exorbitant and Mr. Andrew Marvell was the member who brought his complaint before the House. Milton's complete release was followed by a short stay in Holborn, near the present Red Lion Square, with a still later removal to a house in Jewin Street in the neighbourhood of Aldersgate Street. In 1664, probably, Milton moved to what was to be the last of his London houses. This was in Artillery Walk, leading out of Bunhill Fields. Here, within two years, in 1665, *Paradise Lost* was completed. It was published in 1667. Gradually the world changed for Milton. The "blind old rascal," the thwarted patriot, the man fallen on evil days, and evil tongues, in darkness and compassed round with dangers and solitude, had come to his own again. As Dryden is said to have put it, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." From this time on Milton had no reason to complain of solitude. Professor Masson's account of Milton's habits and mode of living during the last ten years of his life is so interesting and so instructive that it deserves quotation in full. "He

used to get up very early, generally at four o'clock in summer and five in winter. After having a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him, he worked, first in meditation by himself, and then after breakfast by dictation to his amanuensis for the time being, interspersed with farther readings to him from the books he wanted to consult, till near his midday dinner. A good part of the afternoon was then given to walking in the garden (and a garden of some kind had been always a requisite with him), or to playing on the organ, and singing, or hearing his wife sing within doors. His wife, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. Later in the afternoon he resumed work; but about six o'clock he was ready to receive evening visitors, and to talk with them till about eight, when there was a supper of 'olives or some light thing.' He was very temperate at meals, drinking very little 'wine or strong liquors of any kind'; but his conversation at dinner and supper was very pleasant and cheerful, with a tendency to the satirical. This humour for satire was connected by some of his hearers with his strong way of pronouncing the letter *r*; '*litera canina*, the dog letter, the certain sign of a satirical wit,' as Dryden said to Aubrey when they were talking of this personal trait of Milton. After supper, when left to himself, he smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water before going to bed; which was usually at nine o'clock. He attended no church, and belonged to no communion, nor had he any regular prayers in his family, having some principle of his own on that subject which his friends did

not understand. His favourite attitude in dictating was sitting somewhat aslant in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over one of the arms. He would dictate his verses, thirty or forty at a time, to any one that happened to be at hand. . . . His poetical vein, Phillips tells us, flowed most happily 'from the autumnal equinox to the vernal,' *i.e.*, from the end of September to the end of March, — so that, with all his exertions through the other half of the year, he was never so well satisfied with the results. His poor health, and frequent headaches, and other pains, were another interference with his work; but less than might have been supposed. Gout was his most confirmed ailment, and it had begun to stiffen his hands."

Jonathan Richardson, the painter, is quoted by Professor Masson as follows: "I have heard many years since, that he used to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, without Moorgate, in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality: and very lately I had the good fortune to have another picture of him from an aged clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright. He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor. In that, up one pair of stairs, which was hung with a rusty green, he found John Milton sitting in an elbow-chair, black clothes, and neat enough; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. Among other discourse he expressed himself to this pur-

pose, — that was he free from the pain this gave him, his blindness would be tolerable."

During the last four or five years of Milton's life he published, in 1669, *Accedence Commenc'd Grammar;* in 1670, *History of Britain to the Norman Conquest;* in 1671, *Paradise Regained,* and *Samson Agonistes;* in 1672, a Latin treatise on logic, according to the system of Ramus.

Milton died on Sunday, November 8, 1674, very quietly of "gout struck in." He was laid beside his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and was followed to his grave by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

It would seem that Milton's literary activity had been enough, as shown by the record already given, to fill one lifetime; but seven years after his death appeared a few pages under the title *Mr. John Milton's Character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines.* It was alleged that this had been omitted from the *History of Britain* when Milton published it in 1670. In 1682 was published *A Brief History of Muscovia and of other less known countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay.* A London bookseller in 1676 published a surreptitious edition of the Latin State Letters. A better edition appeared in 1690, and Phillips's translation in 1694. John Nickolls, in 1743, edited Milton's *Letters and Addresses of Cromwell* in a thin folio. But far more important than any of these is the long-lost treatise,

De Doctrina Christiana. This was published and translated by Dr. Sumner in 1825. It is no less interesting to the student of Milton's opinions than to the admirer of his genius. Here he appears to be no Trinitarian, no Calvinist, no Sabbatarian. He does not hold the commonly received doctrine with regard to spirit and matter, or body and soul. These he considers one and inseparable. He does believe in a literal resurrection of all that have ever lived. The Bible he holds to be the sole rule of Christian faith, but it is to be studied and interpreted by every man for himself. He believes in war against tyranny; in prayers and curses against bad men. He insists upon the right of divorce, and defends polygamy. Among these heresies he manages to move with decision and composure, and whatever surprise and fear the reader may feel at such world-shaking doctrines, it is clear that John Milton feels none.

More than two hundred and fifty years ago, namely, in 1648, there was printed in London a book of Latin prose and verse, called *Novæ Solymæ Libri Sex.* It apparently attracted no attention from the public then, and remained in the dust of library corners until the Rev. Walter Begley translated and edited it under the following title and description: *Nova Solyma, the Ideal City: or Jerusalem Regained. An anonymous romance written in the time of Charles I, now first drawn from obscurity and attributed to the illustrious John Milton. . . . 1902.* Professor Gummere says of this claim upon "the illustrious John Milton": "Unless strong external evidence is

forthcoming, we can never be wholly justified in shelving *Nova Solyma* beside *Paradise Lost*, yet the case is so probable that the book must hereafter be reckoned with by all thoroughgoing students of Milton." The gratitude of the thoroughgoing student is at all events due to Mr. Begley for this opportunity to study in detail the copious extracts from the Latin original. It is no slight privilege to be able to scan the literary workmanship of an artist who, if he were not John Milton, was clearly the only other man of Milton's time who chose hard thoughts to play with, and who could write better Latin verse than prose. And whoever the author, the student of Milton will do well to make himself familiar with a type of phrase that bears the most extraordinary resemblance to Milton's in structure and use.

II. L'Allegro, Il Penseroso

These poems were published by Milton in the collection of his works made in 1645. They have been variously interpreted. There are the strict constructionists and the free. There are critics who find them mines of autobiography, and others who find them storehouses of information about nature in her various moods. Some even assert their faith in Milton's psychological and pathological purpose of analysis of mood and portraiture of temperament. And doubtless there is some truth in all this. Milton left few fields unharvested, his young curiosity was tireless, his reading was omnivorous. The quotation

heaps of Burton seemed no burden upon his intellectual endurance. The appearance of Gunter's Tables was received by him as an aid and elegant diversion rather than as a labour-saving device. Attempts have been made to reduce these poems from poetry to anatomy and psychology of the precisely scientific sort. Just how much these men or moods have in common with each other, and how far either or both stand for the author in his normal state when free from the fine frenzy of the poet; precisely how far the men and the moods are mutually exclusive — these are questions which have had at least the merit of producing minutely careful study of the verses. But the main thing invariably discovered is that the poetry is very beautiful and alluring poetry. And from the seductions of this poetry the reader comes back to life and himself happier and better and stronger. Emotion has been varied by emotion, without strain and without tension, and, above all, without sensation.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "I do not think that *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Comus* have any lower place in the world, or any less enduring life, than *Paradise Lost*. We have thought so much of Milton's strength and sublimity that we have ceased to recognize what is also true, that he, of all English poets, is by nature the supreme lover of beauty."

But probably no other English poet has looked upon beauty with so powerful a brain and conscience behind the seeing eyes. "Follow Virtue. She alone is free," his level, steady gaze at the insolence and pomp of fleet-

ing Beauty seems to say. What the earliest Life of Milton, recently published for the first time by Dr. Edward S. Parsons of Colorado College, records of him in another important relation of life is no less true of him in this:

"From so Christian a Life, so great Learning, and so unbyass'd a search after Truth it is not probable any errors in Doctrine should spring. And therefore his Judgment in his Body of Divinity concerning some speculative points, differing perhaps from that commonly received (and which is thought to bee the reason that never was printed), neither ought rashly to bee condemned, and however himselfe not to bee uncharitably censur'd; who by beeing a constant Champion for the liberty of opining, expressed much Candour towards others."

III. Arcades

This work of Milton's has been too often lightly set aside as a mere understudy for *Comus*. It possesses great interest in view of its occasion, its subject-matter, and its form. The occasion was the celebration of the seventy years of the life of the Countess-Dowager of Derby, one of the three daughters of Sir John Spencer, known from *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* as Phyllis, Charillis, and Sweet Amaryllis. Amaryllis (Alice) had married Ferdinando, Lord Strange, who had already been married twice, for her first husband. In 1600, six years

after his death, she became the second wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. At their estate of Harefield, during Queen Elizabeth's visit of four days, Burbage's company played *Othello*. Masks of various sorts were an important part of this royal entertainment. Lord Egerton died in 1617. Two sons of the Earl of Bridgewater, stepsons to the Countess, planned this entertainment in her honour and themselves took part in *Arcades*. Milton treats the occasion with dignified appreciation, but with the self-respect and sense of ultimate values unfailing in him at all times. It is interesting to see how the young poet spiritualizes the traditionally robust, not to say heavy, entertainment of the English public.

In the material Milton uses, the student and the man of culture are frankly revealed. The verses demonstrate the author's wide interests, personal independence, and a determination already taken to err with Plato rather than to be right with Aristotle That he failed to understand either Plato or Aristotle is little to the point. This poem may fairly be considered a sort of spiritual log-book of a young adventurer in the sea of thought. Many men had sailed those seas before, and the weather and the ocean had been charted often, but never by a more resolute or a more devoted sailor.

The form adopted, that of the Mask, was at this time peculiarly fitted to serve as the medium for the expression of Milton's unique combination of temperament and conscience. Historically the English Mask owed

as much to the Miracle Plays and Moralities of English guilds and churches as to the pageants of Florence or the faint survival of Greek drama. Ben Jonson was the greatest of English Masters of the Revels. Inigo Jones was the great scene painter for entertainments that cost as high as £21,000, and Henry Lawes composed music for them. In 1632 the Mask, with other theatrical entertainments had been attacked in the *Histrio-Mastix: The Player's Scourge*, as "the very pomp of the Divell." It is clear that while Milton held no such opinion, he was quite willing to detract from the spectacular effect of the performance by the charm and beauty of the poetry he offered as text. *Arcades* is as much more than a mere "show" as the conventional Mask was less than the pomp of the devil.

The manuscript of *Arcades* is in Milton's handwriting in the Cambridge manuscripts. It appeared in print in the 1645 edition of the poet's work.

That Milton was not the first of English poets to feel instinctive opposition to the part played by stage machinery in the Mask is shown by reputed references, allusions, and even direct attacks by critics and authors. But no one of them all asserted himself so finally, and so triumphantly demonstrated his superiority of all aids or rivals, as did Milton.

The professional jealousy felt by Ben Jonson for the stage setting of Masks and the more magnanimous, because constructive and competitive, opposition of Milton is most interestingly justified in a recent account and

appreciation of the work of Inigo Jones by Ernest Rhys in *The Nineteenth Century* for July, 1903. The author says, "Like other men who have lived for their ideas, he [Inigo Jones] showed an extraordinary persistence in realizing them. . . . One is tempted by the further evidence of his masks to consider him not only an artist whose great ideal expressed itself in his smallest works and a designer 'haunted by proportion,' but a master-builder, who, if he had had his way, and the sky had not fallen in the Civil War, would have done something to build up a London as ordered and stately as any Italian City. . . . Indeed all that can be said of him in the praise of his work by those successors of his own calling to-day who alone perhaps can wholly appreciate its merits, has been said. But there is still one thing to be done, to fill up the chart of his ambition and the outlines of his never-to-be-realized dream of a great city rising majestically along the Thames: and for that we must turn to the series of masks which he helped to design. For in the masks his ruling passion and his overmastering ambition more and more declared themselves, as time went on, leading incidentally to his quarrel with Ben Jonson, and hinting very plainly at that larger work which he fondly hoped to accomplish. . . .

"Probably after his return from his first journey to Italy — the native region of the mask — in 1604, he felt he had a right to dictate what should be its appropriate scenic effects to Ben Jonson and the poets who naturally cared more for their poetry than its stage setting. . . .

He spends hours over the fashion of a mantle, describing half a circle, and cast back over the shoulders, or hanging in a sinuous fringe. With these we have studies by the pageful from some old picture; of face or feature, eye or eyebrow, or children's limbs and children's curves, and figures curiously drawn to determine the proportions and the proportionate lines and movements of the body and its garments. .

"In all these sketches of the figure, we find our artist much absorbed in examining and defining the structure behind the apparition of beauty. He saw men as he saw houses, expressions of the same law of proportion, whose parts of an enchanting symmetry, came of an essentia (?) and no accidental grace.

"All this is of moment in judging the special application of his art to the stage. Possessed of a genius of the eye, that tyrannized over him, and compelled him to find expression for it, he found his opening first in the æsthetic fantasy of the mask, whose limits he presently extended to their utmost capacity. . . . It is impossible to trace all the minor accessions from its prime Italian source, which Inigo Jones may have brought to the Jacobean mask. Enough to see how he speedily altered the mechanical form, and practically gave us our modern stage, and doing so was led to that gradual aggression on Ben Jonson's jealous preserve which produced the final quarrel between them. In the process, extending over many years, we find the expression of his ideas as unmistakably determined in his masks as in his houses.

. . . Inigo gives us very modestly the theory of the mask: 'These shows are nothing else but pictures with light and motion.' . . .

"This was in 1631. Two or three years later came the definite break with Ben Jonson, who exclaimed vehemently at these scenic aggressions on the poet's demesne. In the *Tale of a Tub* he satirized Inigo with one violently caricatured part — Vitruvius — which he was compelled to withdraw. However, he retained another part, 'In-and-in Medlay,' which effected his purpose less grossly. 'You can express a Tub?' says Tub to Medlay, who replies:

> If it *conduce*
> To the design; whate'er is *feasible*.

The two words in italics were evidently favourite expressions of Inigo Jones's, for they reappear in a later passage.

". . . No doubt the pretty people of the Court, who took a part in these gorgeous shows, found it easier to be effective as angels in one of Inigo Jones's pasteboard heavens, than as actors bound to speak Jonson's lines (not always brief ones, either) as he wrote them. At any rate, the poet, it proved, could be dispensed with: there were other poets, good enough for court-masks: there was only one Inigo."

IV. Comus

As the *Arcades* found its occasion in a family festival of close private interest, the more considerable work of

Comus is justified by its connection with a more widely significant event. Sir John Egerton, first Earl of Bridgewater, was appointed Lord President of the Council in the Principality of Wales in 1631. His assumption of the duties of the office in 1634 was marked by festivities at the official seat of Ludlow Castle. *Comus* was presented Michaelmas night, September 29. Two copies exist, one the stage copy of Lawes, the other in Milton's handwriting in the Cambridge Manuscript. It was published in the 1645 edition of Milton's work. Lawes had previously published it in 1637.

Comus has in general the same features noticed in the *Arcades*. Throughout the poem the same high level of poetry and humanity is maintained, the same serene interest in all things worthy and of good report prevails. The world is not too much with us when we follow Milton. His strongly and worthily egoistic imagination deals with thoughts rather than with men, and readily deserts even the show of dramatic action for monologue and elaborate suggestion running into pathos or irony. Throughout the Mask there is an intellectual dryness of atmosphere that heightens indefinitely the sort of illusion produced by isolating the episode for the purpose of thinking about it, but that completely destroys the illusion commonly known as the natural. Milton's characters go where their sentences and periods lead them, and these in turn are what Milton's reading and reflection made them. In form, for example, Milton was past master of verbal harmony, but his skill in little tunes was slight. His was not a parlour

voice. In the songs interspersed through *Comus* this is well illustrated. In their proper setting they were doubtless effective, but who sings them now? Milton's songs, the reader suspects, came from his brain and conscience by way of his deep-toned organ harmonies and must have overpowered many an unsophisticated reader. Or with their complexity of suggestion they must have seemed artificial to plain folk who missed heartiness and melody in all the measures of these book lyrics. The judicious, like Henry Lawes and Sir Henry Wotton, in Milton's own time, applaud; all must admire; but the haunting strain, the singing spell, the lilt, the catch, are wanting to the vulgar. The comment of Sir Henry Wotton leaves little to be desired for discriminating appreciation of essential character. "Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *Ipsa mollities*."

V. An Expostulation with Inigo Jones

Ben Jonson

"Master Surveyor you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are: from them leaped forth an architect,

Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
Both him and Archimede; damn Archytas,
The noblest engineer that ever was:
Control Ctesibius, overbearing us
With mistook names out of Vitruvius;
Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shown
How much Architectonice is your own!
Whether the building of the stage or scene,
Or making of the properties it mean,
Vizors or antics; or it comprehend
Something your sir-ship doth not yet intend.
By all your titles, and whole style at once,
Of tireman, mountebank and Justice Jones,
I do salute you: are you fitted yet?
Will any of these express your place, or wit?
Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
You'd be an Assinigo by your ears?
Why much good do't you; be what part you will,
You'll be, as Langley said, 'an Inigo still.'
What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud
In town and court? Are you grown rich, and proud?
Your trappings will not change you, change your mind;
No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.
A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
Nor gold, nor ivory haft can make it good.
What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask?
And all men echo, you have made a mask.
I chime that too, and I have met with those
That do cry up the machine, and the shows:

The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds;
The ascent of lady Fame, which none could spy,
Nor they that sided her, dame Poetry,
Dame History, dame Architecture too,
And goody Sculpture, brought with much ado.
To hold her up! O shows, shows, mighty shows!
The eloquence of masques! what need of prose
Or verse, or prose t' express immortal you?
You are the spectacles of state, 'tis true,
Court-hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,
In the mere perspective of an inch-board;
You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
Eyes, that can pierce into the mysteries
Of many colours, read them and reveal
Mythology, there painted on slit deal.
Or to make boards to speak! There is a task!
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got mechanic age.
To plant the music where no ear can reach,
Attire the persons, as no thought can teach
Sense, what they are, which by a specious, fine
Term of [you] architects, is called Design;
But in the practised truth, destruction is
Of any art, besides what he calls his.
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow?
His name is Σκηνοποιος, we all know,
The maker of the properties; in sum,

The scene, the engine; but he now is come
To be the music-master; tabler too;
He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do—*
All of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.
He's warm on his feet, now he says; and can
Swim without cork: why, thank the good Queen Anne.
I am too fat to envy, he too lean,
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean
To pity him, as smiling at his feat
Of lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat
Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
Sucked from the veins of shop-philosophy.
What would he do now, giving his mind that way,
In presentation of some puppet-play,
Should but the king his justice-hood employ,
In setting forth of such a solemn toy?
How would he firk[1] like Adam Overdo,[2]
Up and about; dive into cellars too,
Disguised, and thence drag forth Enormity,
Discover Vice, commit Absurdity:
Under the moral, show he had a pate
Moulded or stroked up to survey a state!
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo; who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see

[1] To move quickly. [2] In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery,
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is, than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake, or crimson can afford
Expression for; with that unbounded line,
Aimed at in thy omnipotent design!
What poesy e'er was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee? What story shall,
Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck stone?
Live long the feasting-room! And ere thou burn
Again, thy architect to ashes turn;
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament can
With all remonstrance, make an honest man."

VI. Lycidas

"In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height." This brief introduction to the contribution made by John Milton to the collection of elegies in honour of Edward King, his successful rival for the Trinity College fellowship, was inserted in the 1645 edition of his poems, and is still the best account and the most adequate criticism of the poem. *Lycidas* is less dramatic than *Arcades*, and *Arcades* is hardly dramatic enough to merit the name of pastoral as

the Italians understood it. The sorrow it expresses is, indeed, dignified and intelligent, but it is courteous rather than lamentable, and too often the intelligent dignity of sorrow is resented. The "learned Friend" is, indeed, rarely bewailed, but the reader forgets all about the dead Edward King in growing sympathy with the living "Author" and his vision of a corrupted clergy. Milton had, to be sure, good authority for such blending of themes and forms. And he perhaps did well to limit his title to the term "monody." Theocritus of Syracuse depicted a country life whose ideals were as different from those of the actual goatherd as the simplicity he praised was remote from poverty and monotony. Virgil, while professing to employ the form of the Greek pastoral, openly advocated "a somewhat loftier strain." The Italians of the Renaissance introduced a vein of moralizing and satire. Edmund Spenser had made his rustics natural philosophers and poets. Doctor Johnson and critics of his type can not or will not understand all this, and they will still be saying with him "passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions," and "where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief." "Like, very like," but there may be great poetry. When the "sea of emotion" has "curdled into thoughts" the reader does not inquire too closely whether the "unpacking of the heart" has been necessary to the writer's existence or not, or even whether it has been spontaneous and sincere. It is enough that it serves the reader's well being and ministers to his comfort and good estate.

Milton wrote no less than the literal truth when he said: "You ask what I am thinking of? So may the Good Deity help me; of immortality — I am pluming my wings and meditating flight." Of course this amounts to saying that Milton was writing great lyric poetry in motive, whatever the form adopted might seem to require. And perhaps it is not his least title to greatness that he could and did forget Edward King. For it must be remembered that here was no strong and intimate bond of personal friendship, such as existed between the young Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, nor such fabled poet-love "this side idolatry" as unites the names of Shelley and Keats, but an acquaintance fairly described probably as academic. Members of the same university, King was Milton's junior. There is no evidence that Milton was particularly drawn to King's person or interests. The assignment of a fellowship to King, for which Milton himself was eligible, is even looked upon by some students of Milton as ground for coolness between them. There is clear evidence that the fellowship was awarded to King by royal influence and not in due course of academic appreciation. Probably Milton's own account is sufficiently accurate, when due allowance has been made for the large and remote phraseology characteristic of Milton's muse:

> "For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
> Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
> Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
> Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,

We drove a-field, and forth together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song."

Here certainly is described the dignified association of persons congenially and worthily occupied, but there is certainly nothing of the fellowship of kindred minds, still less of the love of attached hearts. Milton wrote very differently of his father and of Charles Diodati, when he wished to record personal friendship.

The memorial volume of which this poem was part appeared in 1638. It contained twenty-three poems in Latin and Greek, and thirteen English poems, with the title, *Obsequies to the Memorie of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom., 1638.* Other contributors to the memorial were Henry King, Henry More, the Platonist, and John Cleveland.

VII. The Story of the Text

The visitor to the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is likely to have his attention called to the handsomely bound volume of forty-seven manuscript pages, once described as "Milton's Juvenile Poems, etc., seem-

ingly the original." The history of this volume is indicated by the Latin inscription on the first cover.

Membra haec Erudissimi et paene Divini Poetae olim miserè disjecta et passim sparsa, postea verò fortuitò Inventa et in unum denuò collecta a Carolo Mason ejus Col. Socio & inter miscellanea reposita, deinceps, eâ, quâ decuit, Religione servari voluit Thomas Clarke, nuperrimè hujusce collegii nunc vero Medii Templi Londini Socius 1736.

[These fragments of a most learned and nearly divine poet, formerly miserably broken apart and scattered about, but afterwards by chance found and recently collated by Charles Mason, Fellow of the same College and replaced among the Miscellanies, are at last to be preserved with proper reverence as directed by Thomas Clarke, very recently of this College, now of the Middle Temple, London, 1736.]

The earlier history of the manuscripts themselves is partly a matter of conjecture, partly material of record or of well established tradition. As far back as the later years of Milton's student life at Cambridge, he had kept a notebook of the first drafts of his compositions in English, Latin, prose, and poetry. The first edition of his poems was advertised to be "printed by his true copies." Up to 1658 these manuscripts were in Milton's possession, the later work being in the handwriting of an amanuensis. These and certain other manuscripts came into the keeping of Milton's wife at his death in 1674, and were lost sight of. By some unknown means, Sir Henry Newton

Puckering, a considerable benefactor of the Trinity College Library, is believed to have obtained possession of this particular manuscript. Charles Mason, the Woodwardian Professor of Geology, and probably the person who best knew the Library, is the authority for the belief that the Milton manuscript was part of the collection of four thousand books and manuscripts given by Sir Henry Puckering in 1691 to the Trinity College Library. It is somewhat noteworthy that the catalogue by Bernard in 1697 makes no mention of the Milton manuscript. When Mason discovered the leaves they were loose. After they were bound, as described on the first leaf of the cover, they were treated with too little care. The volume was too often shown to visitors. They were allowed to handle it too freely, and the result was that some of the readings are illegible; some necessary patching and repairing has been roughly done, and a slip of paper containing seventeen lines of emended reading for a passage in *Comus* has been lost.

At present the manuscript is much more carefully treated. It is kept in a glass case and may be removed for examination only by permission from the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, and in the presence of one of the Fellows.

With the generosity of true scholarship the Council of Trinity College determined to put this manuscript within the reach of a larger number of students than could hope to study it in their library, by a photographic and transliterated reproduction prepared under the superin-

tendence of William Aldis Wright. The photographic work was done by Mr. A. G. Dew-Smith of Trinity College. The Preface, 1899, makes the following interesting statements and comments:

"I thought I should do a greater service to students of Milton if, instead of merely recording the variations between the manuscript and the printed text, I enabled them to ascertain the variations for themselves. . . . The *Arcades* with which the manuscript begins, was probably written in 1633. . . . After Milton had written *Comus* in 1634, *Lycidas* in 1637 . . . he appears to have gone back to his first quire and made use of one of its blank pages for . . . three Sonnets . . . which belong to the period 1642–1644 or 5. Pages 45, 46, and 47 are the work of three amanuenses, whose handwritings differ from each other and from the three handwritings which are not Milton's on the preceding pages. Among these six, both Peck and Warton profess to recognize five as the handwriting of five different women. I see no reason to believe that they are not all the work of men's hands. . . .

"It would be a matter of regret if the publication of these facsimiles should have the same effect upon those who examine them which the sight of the originals appears to have produced upon Charles Lamb. In a note which was at first appended to his Essay on *Oxford in the Vacation*, he says, 'I had thought of the *Lycidas* as of a full-grown beauty — as springing up with all its parts absolute — till, in an evil hour, I was shown the original copy of it, together with the other minor poems

of the author, in the library of Trinity, kept like some treasure to be proud of. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them after the latter Cantos of Spenser, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their ore ! interlined, corrected ! as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure ! as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good ! As if inspiration were made up of parts, and these fluctuating, successive, indifferent ! I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again.' Many nevertheless will find pleasure in contemplating the second thoughts of the poet, or even the third, which we are told by a prophet of the order are a riper first."

These manuscripts are of the highest interest, not only to the curious hunter after relics of the past, but to the student of literary masterpieces in the making. Some of the ways of genius are not past finding out. The verses reproduced in a slightly reduced form for the frontispiece of this book are an interpolation made by Milton at the close of the one hundred and forty-first verse of the *Lycidas*. The new matter is connected with the main body of the poem by a heavy slanting stroke of the pen, and the words written in on the margin, "Bring the rathe," etc.

The reproduction shows the various readings from a rejected trial form through succeeding tentatives until the final form of the poem, as the reader is familiar with it, was reached. The rejected form reads as follows :

Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies
Collu colouring the pale cheeke of uninjoyd love
and that sad floure that strove
to write his owne woes on the vermeil graine
next adde Narcissus y^t^ still weeps in vaine
the woodbine and y^e^ pancie freak't w^th^ jet
the glowing violet
the cowslip wan that hangs his pensive head
and every bud that sorrow's liverie weares
let Daffadillies fill thire cups with teares
bid Amaranthus all his beautie ^shed
to strew the laureat herse, etc.

The later stages appear thus:

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies
the tufted crowtoe and pale Gessamin
the white pinke and ^ye^ pansie freakt w^th^ jet
the glowing violet the well attir'd woodbine
the muske rose and *the garish columbine*
w^th^ cowslips wan that hang the pensive head
and every flower that sad escutcheon ^x weare^ *beares* imbroidrie *beares* x wearee
bid Amaranthus all his beauties shed
& *let* daffadillies fill thire cups w^th^ teares
to strew, etc.

Examination and comparison of the readings show:

1. The lines originally "made sense." The inserted verses are therefore pure elaboration, as the passage concludes in verse 151 precisely as it did before the change.

2. Milton prepared for the new material, or justified its insertion, after revision, by the change in verse 139, in the

original draft, of the word "Bring" to the present one "Throw."

3. The only feature of the passage that remains constant through all changes is the structure of the verse; its framework or anatomy, and its vocal harmony. The movement of the lines affords a form of verbal counterpoint of which the short line "The glowing violet" was the invariable factor.

4. The verbal changes are made in the interests of sound and various suggested associations rather than of the combination of popular science and visual accuracy, known since Wordsworth's time as "love of Nature."

5. The entire passage in its final form shows the triumph of the "mixture of a lie that ever gives pleasure" over the elements of pure thought and exact record.

6. Milton's final preference is always for words that embody force rather than for those that express an appeal to the eyes exclusively.

7. The main trend of change is toward the social and human aspect of life rather than toward the spectacular or sentimental.

8. The whole passage, as an elaboration, affords an illustration of the dramatic factor in pastoral elegy. It illustrates Milton's lack of dramatic spontaneity, but his abounding sense of poetic propriety. Doubtless if Sophocles could have brought himself to this pass, he would have rejected and changed with as resolute conscience as that shown here. But Sophocles was not only classic but dramatic.

9. The temper of the passage, the method of its construction, and the aims made evident by the changes accepted or rejected after trial show the extent to which Milton was really indebted to his study of Greek and Latin masterpieces. The student of the classics in Greek and Latin should compare carefully Milton's use of adjectives and verbs with that of his alleged models.

MILTON'S MINOR POEMS

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth[1] cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous[2] wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon[3] shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether — as some sager[4] sing
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,

[1] Uncanny. [2] Fearful. [3] Black. [4] Wiser.

There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.[1]
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic[2] toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,[3]
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled[4] dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,

[1] Affable, gay and courteous.
[2] Quaintly dancing.
[3] Company.
[4] Variegated.

Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar[1] hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;[2]
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows[3] grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;

[1] Old. [2] Adorned.
[3] Plowed and harrowed, but uncropped ground.

Meadows trim, with daisies pied,[1]
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure[2] of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury[3] dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned[4] haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks[5] sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,

[1] Spotted. [2] Centre of attraction. [3] Appetizing.
[4] Sun-dried. [5] Merry fiddles.

How Faery Mab the junkets[1] eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks[2] at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin[3] rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds[4] of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence,[5] and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron[6] robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,[7]

[1] Sweetened curds. [2] Makes comfortable. [3] Morning song.
[4] Clothes. [5] Give strength. [6] Yellow. [7] Show.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock[1] be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout[2]
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

[1] The low shoe worn in comedy.

[2] Turn.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,[1]
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign

[1] Help.

Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,[1]
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole[2] of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing[3] with the skies,
Thy rapt[4] soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble,[5] till
With a sad leaden downward cast[6]
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon[7] soars on golden wing,

[1] Colour. [2] Mantle. [3] Communing. [4] Absorbed.
[5] Turn to marble. [6] Look. [7] Yonder.

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist[1] along,
Less[2] Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,[3]
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

[1] Stilled, hushed. [2] Unless. [3] Point, power, prime.

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's[1] drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Be
With thrice-great Hermes, or uns[illegible][2]
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;[3]
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall[4] come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what — though rare — of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined[5] stage.
But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,

[1] Watchman's. [2] Bring back. [3] Place.
[4] Royal mantle. [5] From the high boot worn in tragedy.

And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous[1] ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited[2] Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced[3] as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute[4]-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,

[1] Magic.
[2] Plain-dressed.
[3] Flounced.
[4] Slow.

Of pine or monumental[1] oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish[2] eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort[3] as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due[4] feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,[5]
And love the high embowed[6] roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,[7]
And storied windows richly dight,[8]
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow

[1] Lofty. [2] Glaring, staring. [3] Company. [4] Punctual.
[5] Limit. [6] Arched. [7] Strong. [8] Adorned.

To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family; who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:

I. SONG

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,[1]
Too divine to be mistook?
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend;[2]
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise
Seemed erst[3] so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
Less than half we find expressed;
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright
In the centre of her light.

[1] See. [2] Turn. [3] Once.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods?
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalleled?

As they come forward the GENIUS OF THE WOOD *appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*

Genius. Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskined[1] Nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity,
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching[2] Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:

[1] Silver-shod. [2] Careless.

For know, by lot from Jove, I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl[1] the grove
With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome[2] winds and blasting vapours chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting[3] thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch[4] my round
Over the mount and all this hallowed ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant[5] words and murmurs made to bless.
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital[6] shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,

[1] Adorn. [2] Harmful. [3] Opposing.
[4] Complete. [5] Powerful. [6] Cutting the thread of life.

And the low world in measured motion draw,
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze[1]
The peerless height of her immortal praise
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,[2]
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG

O'er the smooth enamelled[3] green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof,[4]
Follow me.
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

[1] Celebrate. [2] Descent. [3] Glossy. [4] Stars can not pierce it.

III. SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

COMUS

A MASK

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634

BEFORE

JOHN, EARL OF BRIDGEWATER

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES

THE PERSONS

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS with his Crew.
The LADY.
First BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were: —
The Lord Brackley.
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother.
The Lady Alice Egerton.

COMUS

The First Scene discovers a wild wood

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends or enters*

Spirit. Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold[1] here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
To such my errand is; and but for such
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds[2]
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.[3]
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,

[1] Pound for cattle. [2] Heavenly clothes. [3] Defiling earth.

Took in, by lot, 'twixt high and nether[1] Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle[2] trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre.[3] But their way
Lies through the perplexed[4] paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatched for their defence and guard;
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,

[1] Lower. [2] Great. [3] Power. [4] Tangled.

After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,[1]
On Circe's island fell. — Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine? —
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreathed and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named;
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous[2] wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades embowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art;
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient[3] liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth[4] of Phœbus; which as they taste —
For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst —
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce[5] or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,

[1] Pleased. [2] Enchanted. [3] Bright. [4] Thirst.
[5] Snow leopard or mountain panther.

But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous[1] glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,[2]
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain[3]
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day

[1] Dangerous. [2] Guidance. [3] Servant.

His glowing axle doth allay[1]
In the steep[2] Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity!
Braid your locks with rosy twine,[3]
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws,[4] in slumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,[5]
Now to the moon in wavering morrice[6] move;
And on the tawny[7] sands and shelves[8]
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim
The wood-nymphs decked with daisies trim
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?

[1] Temper. [2] Bright. [3] Garland. [4] Proverbs. [5] Fishes.
[6] Dance. [7] Yellow. [8] Beaches.

Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun[1] shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns! mysterious dame,
That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spets[2] her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air!
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the blabbing[3] eastern scout,
The nice[4] Morn on the Indian steep,
From her cabined loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry[5]
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;

[1] Dark. [2] Spits. [3] Revealing. [4] Accurate, modest. [5] Make plain.

Our number may affright. Some virgin sure —
For so I can distinguish by mine art —
Benighted in these woods! Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains;[1] I shall ere long
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint[2] habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing[3] courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue[4] of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.[5]
But here she comes; I fairly[6] step aside,
And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The LADY *enters*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound

[1] Enticements. [2] Unusual. [3] Deceptive. [4] Power. [5] Work. [6] Promptly.

Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund[1] flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,[2]
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers[3] yet, oh! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour[4] of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist[5] in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious[6] end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps

[1] Joyous. [2] Country folk. [3] Revellers. [4] Shade.
[5] Devotee. [6] Wicked.

With everlasting oil to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife,[1] and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single[2] darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong[3] siding champion, Conscience. —
O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed. —
Was I deceived, or did a sable[4] cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but

[1] Full. [2] Complete. [3] Helpful. [4] Dark.

Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent[1] *green,*
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley,[2] *Daughter of the Sphere!*
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,

[1] Bank. [2] Speech.

At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling[1] their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. — Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift[2]
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.[3]

[1] Picking. [2] Effort. [3] Maze, a puzzle of paths.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering[1] guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports[2] their loss; beside[3] the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked[4] hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port[5] was more than human, as they stood.
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,[6]
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted[7] clouds. I was awe-strook,[8]

[1] Going close before. [2] Means. [3] More than. [4] Tired.
[5] Carriage. [6] Heavens. [7] Woven, plaited, folded. [8] Struck.

And as I passed I worshipped. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of starlight,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged
Or shroud[1] within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted[2] lark
From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted[3] than this, or less secure,

[1] Sheltered. [2] Low-resting or dwelling. [3] Answered for.

I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye[1] me, blest Providence, and square[2] my trial
To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt*]

Enter the two Brothers

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,[3]
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit[4] Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levelled rule[5] of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our Star of Arcady
Or Tyrian Cynosure!

Second Brother. Or if our eyes
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,[6]
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous[7] boughs.

[1] Watch. [2] Suit. [3] Blessing. [4] Deprive of rights. [5] Beam. [6] Twig cots. [7] Innumerable.

But, oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat!

Elder Brother. Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite[1]
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,[2]
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise —
Not being in danger, as I trust she is not —
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,

[1] Over-careful. [2] Incapable.

L. of C.

She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Second Brother. 'Tis most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink[1] on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;

[1] Shut its eyes to.

I fear the dread events that dog [1] them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned [2] sister.
Elder Brother. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise [3] of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint [4] suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
Second Brother. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?
Elder Brother. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace [5] huge forests and unharboured [6] heaths,
Infamous [7] hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite,[8] or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagged [9] with horrid shades,

[1] Follow. [2] Deserted. [3] Chance. [4] Looking sidewise, sinister.
[5] Traverse. [6] Inhospitable. [7] Strange. [8] Robber. [9] Made scrubby.

She may pass on with unblenched[1] majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre[2] hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart[3] faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded[4] lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous[5] bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey[6] her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,

[1] Unharmed. [2] Thin. [3] Dark.
[4] Streaked, brindled. [5] Light. [6] Serve.

And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam[1] on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnal[2] vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensualty
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Second Brother. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Elder Brother. List! list! I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

Second Brother. Methought so too; what should it be?

Elder Brother. For certain,

[1] Light. [2] Containing corpses.

Either some one, like us, night-foundered[1] here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.
Second Brother. Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
Elder Brother. I'll hallo:
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *habited like a Shepherd*

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak.
Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.
Spirit. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.
Second Brother. O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure!
Elder Brother. Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling[2] brook to hear his madrigal,[3]
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.
How camest thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequestered[4] nook?
Spirit. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy[5]
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth

[1] Disabled. [2] Hurrying. [3] Song. [4] Lonely. [5] Pretext.

Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Elder Brother. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spirit. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Elder Brother. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.
Spirit. I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous, —
Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance, —
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse
Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel[1] of this hideous wood,
Immured[2] in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful[3] cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage[4]

[1] Middle. [2] Shut up. [3] Harmful. [4] Inscription.

Charactered in the face. This have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts[1]
That brow[2] this bottom glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells
To inveigle[3] and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting[4] by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent,[5] and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate[6] my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceased, and listened them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,

[1] Small fields. [2] Overhang. [3] Lure. [4] Unthinking.
[5] Besprinkled. [6] Practise.

And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death; but oh! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
And 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,
'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear, I found the place,
Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise —
For so by certain signs I knew — had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey;
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further I know not.

Second Brother. O night and shades,
How are ye joined with Hell in triple knot,
Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

Elder Brother. Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely: not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damned magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly[1] legions that troop
Under the sooty[2] flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase[3] back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

Spirit. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;[4]

[1] Grim. [2] Black, smoky. [3] Prey. [4] Adventure.

But here thy sword can do thee little stead.[1]
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.
Elder Brother. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?
Spirit. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to,[2] yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital[3] ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples[4] of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out.
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;[5]
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly

[1] Good. [2] Look upon. [3] Return. [4] Herbs. [5] Patched shoes.

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
I pursed[1] it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled;
But now I find it true, for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs[2] of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you —
As I will give you when we go — you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's[3] hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandished blade rush on him: break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground:
But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.[4]

Elder Brother. Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

[1] Treasured. [2] Twigs smeared with birdlime for catching birds.
[3] Magician's. [4] Retreat.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind[1]
Thou hast immanacled[2] while Heaven sees good.
Comus. Why are you vexed, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.
And first behold this cordial julep[3] here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt[4] condition

[1] Bodily form. [2] Enchained. [3] Sweet drink. [4] Universal.

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.
Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly[1]-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With visored[2] falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
Comus. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge[3] doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,

[1] Ugly. [2] Armed, masked. [3] Pampered, solemn.

Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate [1] the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutched [2] the all-worshipped ore and precious gems
To store her children with. If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,[3]
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility:
The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured [4] to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened [5]
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.

[1] Satisfy. [2] Hoarded. [3] Coarse cloth. [4] Used. [5] Cheated.

[Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence: coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil[1]-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts:
Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked[2] in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt[3] her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,[4]
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws

[1] Crimson. [2] Dressed up. [3] Make fast. [4] Provider.

And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no wit[1] encumbered with her store:
And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enow? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say — yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits

[1] Whit.

To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures reared so high
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.
Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. — Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon[1] laws of our foundation.
I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood.
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste. —

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The* ATTENDANT SPIRIT *comes in.*

Spirit. What! have you let the false enchanter scape?
O, ye mistook! ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed

[1] Fundamental.

And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.
Yet stay, be not disturbed: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest[1] shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb[2] sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome[3] she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom played
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers[4] strewed with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,

[1] Wisest. [2] Watery rein. [3] Once. [4] Basins.

Helping all urchin blasts[1] and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vialed[2] liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.[3]
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent[4] *wave,*
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,

[1] Goblin blights. [2] Kept or stored up in a vial. [3] Asphodels.
[4] Transparent.

And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

SABRINA *rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen[1]
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,

[1] Blue gloss.

That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spirit. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

Sabrina. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marbled venomed[1] seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

[1] Poisoned.

SABRINA *descends, and the* LADY *rises out of her seat*

Spirit. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten[1] crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon. —
Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground!
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert[2] wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,

[1] Fluid. [2] Grove.

Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate[1]
His wished presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle; then come in Country Dancers, after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *with the two* Brothers *and the* LADY.

Song

Spirit. *Back, shepherds, back! enough your play*
Till next sunshine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight:

[1] Greet with joy.

Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT *epiloguizes*

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree
Along the crisped[1] shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow

[1] Crinkled edged.

Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled[1] scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew —
List, mortals, if your ears be true! —
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin[2] slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb

[1] Embroidered or worked. [2] Heaven.

Higher than the sphery chime ;[1]
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

[1] Music of the spheres.

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; *and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,[1]
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.[2]
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter[3] to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse

[1] Withered. [2] Equal. [3] Roll about.

With lucky words favour my destined urn,[1]
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening[2] our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered[3] to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding[4] vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose.
Or taint-worm to the weanling[5] herds that graze,

[1] Appointed grave. [2] Feeding. [3] In time.
[4] Wandering. [5] Newly weaned.

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there — for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise —
That last infirmity of noble mind —
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon[1] when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

[1] Reward.

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil[1]
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of some much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.'
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon[2] winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

[1] Leaf, as in gold or tin foil. [2] Thievish.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing[1] slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine[2] flower inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain—
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel[3] pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy[4] paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

[1] Walking. [2] Purple. [3] Hoarse, worthless. [4] Secret.

But that two-handed[1] engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled[2] eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe[3] primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freaked[4] with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate[5] hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled:
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

[1] Requiring two hands to wield it. [2] Variegated. [3] Early.
[4] Marked. [5] Worthy of the laurel wreath, or laurel crowned.

Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore[1]
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive[2] nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense,[3] and shalt be good

[1] Metal. [2] Inexpressible. [3] Reward.

To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth[1] swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey.
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretched out[2] all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

[1] Unknown. [2] Lengthened by shadow.

NOTES

L'ALLEGRO

1. **Loathed Melancholy.** Milton had read and thought much on this subject. The student should notice that there is a genuine energy in the order and characterization that compensates for the conventionally languid associations of the words. See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, xi. 485, 486: "moping melancholy, And moonstruck madness."

See also quotation from Bullein in More's *Utopia*, tr. by Robinson, ii. 7, note, "Melancholy, that cold, dry, wretched, saturnine humour, creepeth in with a leane, pale, or swartysh colour, which reigneth upon solitarye, carefull-musyng men."

See further, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (Bohn's ed., vol. i. p. 9), *The Author's Abstract*, last stanza:

> "I'll change my state with any wretch,
> Thou canst from gaol or dunghill fetch;
> My pain's past cure, another Hell,
> I may not in this torment dwell!
> How desperate I hate my life,
> Lend me a halter or a knife;
> All my griefs to this are jolly,
> Naught so damn'd as Melancholy."

2. **Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born.** The natural history of excessive Melancholy is presented with Milton's customary independence in the use of borrowed suggestion. Classical mythology makes Erebus the husband of Night. Cerberus was the dog of Pluto and guardian of Hades.

3. Stygian. An adjective used again by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, x. 453, meaning, of course, pertaining to the river Styx, and carrying the force of all the related associations of darkness, the underworld, and compulsion. See Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 437:

> "Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
> That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
> And could beleeve that anie thing could please
> Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease."

5. Uncouth. The literal meaning of the word is indicated by its grammatical form — the negative of a past participle, meaning *known*, of an Old English verb. Here it means remote, secret. In other connections it means awkward, rude. The verb appears in Modern English only in this form.

6. Jealous wings. The cause is here used for the effect. The brooding wings keep out intruders, even light and cheer.

7. Night-raven. The night-heron or night-crow. See Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 83: "I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it."

8, 9. And low-browed rocks, As ragged as thy locks. See the *Century Dictionary* for discussion of *rag*, *ragged*, *rough*, and *rug*. Are *voices*, *clothes*, *sails*, *clouds*, and *rocks* all ragged in the same sense?

10. Cimmerian. In Homer's *Odyssey*, xi. 14 (see Chapman's tr.), the people of the Cimmerians are described as dwelling in eternal cloud and darkness. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 2, occurs, "Neither is it sufficient to keep them blind and in Cimmerian darkness." See Spenser, *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 370:

> "I carried am into waste wildernesse,
> Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades,
> Where endless paines and hideous heavinesse
> Is round about me heapt in darksome glades."

12. **Yclept Euphrosyne.** *Yclept* is used only once by Milton. It is the past participle of the Middle English verb *clepen*, to call. The Old English form of the verb was *cleopian*. The *y* is a variant spelling for the *ge* of the past participle, as in German. Milton uses the *y* incorrectly in his epitaph on Shakespeare, "Star-ypointing pyramid." Euphrosyne (Mirth) was one of the three graces. Aglaia (Brightness) and Thalia (Bloom) were the others. They presided over the kind offices of life.

14. **Whom lovely Venus,** etc. Milton here deserts the classic mythology and invents a genealogy more to his mind than the one that makes Mirth the daughter of Zeus.

14. **At a birth.** See the *Century Dictionary* and Nesfield's *English Grammar* for the use of *a*, *the*, *an*, *one*.

17. **As some sager sing.** The use of the letter *s* should be noticed through this verse. For *sager* see *Il Penseroso*, l. 117. The order of words in the phrase gives *sager* something of the force of an adverb. The student should consider whether it is a permissible prose form.

20. **A-Maying.** See the *Century Dictionary* and Nesfield's *English Grammar* for this use of *a*. Compare *a-fishing*, *a-courting*, *a-field*, *a-bed*.

24. **So buxom, blithe, and debonair.** Note the relation of vowels and consonants in this phrase. *Buxom* is used only twice by Milton. See *Paradise Lost*, ii. 842, but it was used in the sense of *lively* or *brisk* by Shakespeare in *Hen. V.*, iii. 6. 28; in the sense of *obedient* by Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, ii. 221. In the *Ancren Riwle* it is spelled *buksum*. The Old English verb from which it is formed is *bugan*, to bow. This form does not appear in Old English, but is common in Middle English. Compare *gladsome*, *winsome*, *darksome*. *Blithe* means *happy*, through the original force of the adjective in Old English. Compare with *blink* and the associated idea in *blican*, to shine. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 2, Mem. 5, Subs. 5, for similar phrase, "I am a fatherless child, and want means, I am blithe and buxom,

young and lusty, but I have never a suitor." . . . See also Spenser's *Prosopopoia:*

> "So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
> And buxome to his bands, is joy to see."

Debonair is simply the French phrase in common use at the time, *de bonne air*, meaning, first, of good appearance; later, of pleasant manners, courteous, gay. The fashion of the time permitted a wide use of the idea in grammatical forms that have since become obsolete, *i.e. debonarity, debonairness. Debonairly* still occurs now and then. Study this combination of words in connection with *fair and free*, l. 11.

27. **Quips and Cranks.** *Quip* seems to be of Welsh derivation and means to move quickly, to whip. Lyly, *Alexander and Campaspe*, iii. 2 has, "Why, what's a *quip?* Wee great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a better sense in a short word." *Crank* is probably from the Old English verb *crincan*, to bow, to fall, to bend. In the sense of a bending of speech, a conceit, it appears in all stages of English. Spenser's *Prosopopoia* has:

> "And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
> Thinking that their disgracing did him grace."

28. **Nods and becks.** Robert Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 2, Mem. 2, Subs. 4, quotes and translates from Musæus:

> "With becks and nods he first began
> To try the wench's mind;
> With becks and nods and smiles again
> An answer he did find."

33. **Trip it.** Compare *lord it* and similar expressions.

44. **Dappled dawn.** A word manufactured before Milton from *dapple*, a spot. The verb appears in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, v. 3. 27.

62. **Dight.** See Latin *dictare*, to prescribe. The Old English form is *dihtan*, to set in order. The full form of the participle is

dighted. Beaumont and Fletcher use the abbreviated form of the verb, "And have a care you *dight* things handsomely." Ben Jonson and Edmund Spenser also use it.

67. **Tells his tale.** This is Milton's, as well as many another writer's, way of saying, "counts his flock." *Tells* is from the Old English verb *tellan*, a weak verb formed from *talu*, a number, a tale. Compare "sings his song," "work the works," etc. See also *Il Penseroso*, 170.

69. **Straight.** Compare *straightaway.*

70. **Landskip round.** Compare "the country round." Skeat's note to the effect that Blount's *Glossary*, 1674, makes it clear that it was originally a painter's term to express 'all that part of a picture which is not of the body or argument,' answering somewhat to the modern term *background*, is an error as far as Milton's use of the word is concerned. In the Old English paraphrase of the Scriptures, attributed to Cædmon, occurs the following, in the speech of Satan in Hell, "ic a ne geseah lathran landscipe," never have I looked upon a more hideous landscape. Neither the author of these words nor the supposed speaker could have had any interest in painter's slang. See also Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 4: "with many pretty landskips and perspective pieces."

71. **Lawns and fallows.** *Lawns* is a word of uncertain origin. It is perhaps a decorative variant of *land.* Old English *fealu* means yellow, applied to the colour of untilled ground, then became the name for the ground itself.

75. **Pied.** Party-coloured, spotted. Does *pied* belong to "daisies" or to "meadows trim"?

80. **Cynosure.** Latin *cynosura.* The last of the three stars in the tail of the Lesser Bear is the pole star, the centre of attraction to the magnet. In the Greek word, the meaning is *dog's tail.*

83. **Corydon and Thyrsis.** Conventional names for the conventional shepherds of pastoral poetry, taken, with other machinery of poetry, from the Greeks and Romans.

86. **Phyllis.** See note to 83, above.

87. **Bower.** In the Old English this meant simply a woman's apartment.

88. **Thestylis,** See note to 83, above.

94. **Jocund rebecks.** Means *merry fiddles. Jocund* is of French derivation and *rebeck* of French, or Italian, from the Persian.

96. **Chequered shade.** The force peculiar to *chequered* here is felt probably, but is most interestingly accounted for in the history of the word. It is formed from *check*, a term used in the game of chess to call attention to the danger of the king. The Persian form, *shah-mat*, meant the king is dead. The English *check* comes through Old French.

98. **Sunshine holiday.** Milton used this phrase again in the spirits' song in *Comus.* See also Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, iv. 1. 221, "And send him many years of sunshine days." Also Whittier's *My Soul and I*, "Summon thy sunshine bravery back, O wretched sprite!"

102. **How Faery Mab the junkets eat.** Fairy Mab is in folk and fairy lore the fairies' midwife. Shakespeare calls her Queen, and is the first to do so. Her duty is also to deliver the fancies of men and to make dreams by driving in her chariot over the sleeper. The form *fairy Mab* is the result of a misuse established long before Milton. *Fairy* means enchantment, as in *Piers Plowman* and in Chaucer. The term for elf is *fay. Junkets* were cream cheeses served on rushes. See Old French *jonchée*, a bundle of rushes. Finally it was any kind of sweetmeats, or a feast or merry-making. See Ben Jonson's *The Satyr:*

> "This is Mab, the Mistress-Faery,
> That doth nightly rob the dairy,
> And can hurt or help the cherning,
> As she please, without discerning.
> . . . . . .
> She that pinches country wenches,
> If they rub not clean their benches,

And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester."

104, 105. Friar's lantern . . . drudging goblin. There is really no difficulty in this connection between the Friar's lantern and the drudging goblin. *Friar's lantern* was one of the names by which Goodfellow went, but it was also a name for the *ignis fatuus* by which devils misled men. The whole passage is a poetical paraphrase of the elaborate classification and description of spirits in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2, from which the following interesting passages bearing on Milton's poem are quoted: "Fiery spirits or devils are such as commonly work by blazing stars, firedrakes, or *ignes fatui;* which lead men often *in flumina aut praecipitia*, . . . Terrestrial devils are those Lares, Genii, Fauns, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trulli, etc., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm. . . . Some put our fairies into this rank, which have been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a pail of clean water, good victuals, and the like, and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. . . . A bigger kind there is of them, called with us Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood or do any manner of drudgery work. . . . Cardan holds, 'They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling down platters, stools, chests, sometimes appear in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogs, etc.' . . . And so likewise those which Mizaldus calls Ambulones, that walk about midnight on great heaths and desert places, which (saith Lavater) 'draw men out of the way, and lead them all night a bye-way, or quite bar them of their way; these have several

names in several places; we commonly call them Pucks." See also *The Pranks of Puck*, ascribed to Ben Jonson, cited by W. J. Rolfe.

110. **Lubber fiend.** The form *lobur* occurs in *Piers Plowman*. The word is probably of Celtic origin and meant drooping, inefficient, clumsy.

111. **Chimney's length.** The rhyme requires *length;* literally the word should be *width*.

112. **Basks.** The interesting thing about this word is the doubt whether it is the reflexive of a verb meaning *to bake* or to *bathe*. The evidence seems stronger for the derivation from *bathe*.

120. **In weeds of peace.** *Weed* means a garment. The Teutonic base is WAD, to bind.

120. **High triumphs.** The doublet of triumph is *trump*. Why did Milton use *triumph?*

122. **Rain influence.** The term *influence* is astrological in origin. Note the use of *rain* in this connection. Cotgrave gives, Old French *influence*, "a flowing in, and particularly an influence, or influent course, of the planets; their virtue infused into, or their course working on, inferior creatures."

125. **Hymen.** The god of marriage. See Jonson's *Hymenaei*.

132. **Jonson's learned sock.** The sock was the low-heeled shoe worn in comedy. Jonson was noted for almost pedantic learning. See Spenser, *An Hymne in Honour of Beautie:*

> "What time this world's great workmaister did cast
> To make al things such as we now behold,
> It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
> A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
> He fashioned them as comely as he could.
> That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
> As nought may be amended any wheare.
>
> "That wondrous Paterne, wheresoere it bee,
> Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
> Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
> With sinfull eyes, for feare it do deflore,

Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall sence, that none the same may tell,

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes,
Or more or lesse, by influence divine
So it more faire accordingly it makes" . . .

135. **Eating cares.** Horace, Ode I. 18. 4, has *mordaces sollicitudines*, and Ode II. 11. 18, *curas edaces*. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 6, Subs. 2, "When the patient of himself is not able to resist or overcome these heart-eating passions." . . .

136. **Lydian airs.** Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 6, Subs. 3, says: "But to have all declamatory speeches in praise of divine Musick, I will confine myself to my proper subject; besides that excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against Despair and Melancholy, and will drive away the Devil himself . . . Lewis the Eleventh, when he invited *Edward* the Fourth to come to Paris, told him that, as a principal part of his entertainment, he should hear sweet voices of children, *Ionick* and Lydian tunes."

139. **Bout.** Another spelling is *bought*. The word means a turning. The Gothic verb *biugan*, to bow or bend, gives the original sense.

147. **Elysian flowers.** The Elysian fields were the abode of the blessed after death. Milton uses the term probably to suggest the blessing, beauty, and deathless charm of flowers not plucked on earth.

151, 152. It is customary to point out the comparison that may be made between this concluding couplet and Marlowe's *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*:

"If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love."

Both are certainly fine poetry.

IL PENSEROSO

1. **Hence, vain deluding Joys.** The opening verses of *Il Penseroso* should be compared with those of *L'Allegro*. The purpose artistically is the same, the means employed, similar; but the suggestions and associations are utterly different.

3. **Bested.** This word, of Scandinavian origin, is usually in the participial form. Here it means *assist, help.*

6. **Fond.** Here means *foolish.*

12. **Divinest Melancholy.** See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy, The Author's Abstract:*

> "Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
> Sweet musick, wondrous melody,
> Towns, Palaces, and Cities fine;
> Here now, then there; the world is mine,
> Rare beauties, gallant Ladies shine,
> Whate'er is lovely or divine;
> All other joys to this are folly,
> None so sweet as Melancholy."

14. **To hit the sense.** See Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. 217: "A strange invisible perfume hits the sense."

18. **Prince Memnon's sister.** The beautiful Ethiopian prince who came to help Priam was Memnon. Milton extends his fame to his sister — for what poetic ends?

19. **That starred Ethiop.** Cassiope, the rival of the Nereids in beauty. Raised to heaven, she was made a constellation.

23. **Bright-haired Vesta.** The virgin goddess of the hearth, one of the twelve great Olympians.

24. **Solitary Saturn.** The Italic deity of social order and civilization. Ops, goddess of wealth, was the wife assigned him by classic mythology. Here again Milton has arranged a genealogy to suit himself and the purposes of his poem.

30. **While yet there was no fear of Jove.** Milton evidently

identifies Saturn with Cronus, thus suggesting the dethronement of the father by the son. Mythology makes Zeus the rebellious son of Cronus. Milton identifies Zeus with Jupiter. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 3: "Saturn a man . . . did eat his own children, a cruel tyrant driven out of his kingdom by his son Jupiter, as good a god as himself."

33. **Grain.** Colour. Kermes, like cochineal, were supposed to be berries or grains, and colours dyed with them were said to be *grained*, or ingrained. See the *Century Dictionary*.

35. **Stole.** Scarf.

35. **Cypress lawn.** The word *cypress* is of unknown origin. *Lawn* is perhaps a corruption of *linon*, an imported French name of fine linen.

42. **Forget thyself to marble.** Notice Milton's fondness for certain descriptive expressions. Cf. *On Shakespeare*, 14, and *Comus*, 660. See also Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, *An Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet:*

> "I am almost a stone!
> . . . Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
> Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my breast:
> It is a large fair table, and a true."

53. **Fiery-wheeled throne.** See *Ezekiel* x.

54. **Contemplation.** See *Comus*, 377. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 2, Subs. 6: "A most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize and build castles in the air. . . . So delightsome those toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations. . . . I may not deny but that there is some profitable meditation, contemplation, and kind of solitariness to be embraced, which the Fathers so highly commended . . . a Paradise, an Heaven on earth, if it be used aright, good for the body and better for the soul: as many of those old Monks used it, to divine contemplations." . . .

55. **Hist.** Probably the interjection enjoining silence used as a past participle. Notice the order of the so-called "parts of speech" in this passage.

59. **Cynthia.** A name for Artemis or Diana, the moon goddess, from her birthplace, Mount Cynthus in Delos.

59. **Dragon yoke.** The reference here is astrological, not mythological. The nodes of planets, especially of the moon, or the two points in which the orbits of the planets intersect the ecliptic, were called Dragon's head and tail, because the figure representing the passage of a planet from one node to the other was thought to resemble that of a dragon. Furthermore, there was an old northern constellation called Draco in the space now occupied by the Little Bear. *Yoke* is any bond of connection as well as the specific contrivance for fastening draught animals together. The phrase is learned poetry for *the moon lingers.*

74. **Curfew.** French, *couvre-feu*, fire cover. The bell calling for the covering of fires and the putting out of lights near eight o'clock.

83. **The bellman's drowsy charm.** The old cry of the London bellman (or watch) at night was, Lanthorne and candle light. See Heywood's *Edward IV.*, First Part, l. *circa* 508, "no more calling of lanthorn and candle light."

87. **Outwatch the Bear.** The constellation of the Bear does not set in the latitude of England.

88. **Thrice-great Hermes.** A translation of the name Hermes Trismegistus given to the Egyptian Thoth.

88. **Or unsphere.** Bring back to earth.

90. **What worlds or what vast regions hold,** etc. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 1, Mem. 2, Subs. 9: "Others grant the immortality thereof (the soul), but they make many fabulous fictions in the meantime of it, after the departure from the body, like Plato's Elysian Fields and that Turkey Paradise."

93. **And of those demons.** Burton quotes and translates Austin: "They are confined until the day of judgment to this sublunary

world, and can work no farther than the four elements, and as God permits them. Wherefore of these sublunary Devils, though others divide them otherwise according to their several places and offices, *Psellus* makes Six kinds, fiery, aerial, terrestrial, watery, and subterranean Devils, besides those Fairies, Satyrs, Nymphs, etc." Again Burton cites in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2: "Gregorius Tholosanus makes seven kinds of aetherial Spirits or Angels, according to the number of the seven Planets, Saturnine, Jovial, Martial, etc. The four elements were earth, air, fire, water."

103. **But, O sad Virgin!** Tragedy.

104. **Musæus.** An Attic poet whose name meant servant of the Muses, and who was fabled to have presided over the mysteries of Demeter at Eleusis, and to have written poems concerning them.

109. **Or call up him.** Chaucer is meant here. He left the Squire's Tale unfinished.

120. **When more is meant than meets the ear.** Allusion is here made to the allegory of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

122. **Civil-suited.** Not starred or decorated.

124. **Attic boy.** Cephalus.

132. **Goddess.** What is the reference here?

134. **Sylvan.** Sylvanus, the god of woodlands.

161. **Then let the pealing organ blow,** etc. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 6, Subs. 3: "In a word, it (music) is so powerful a thing that it ravisheth the soul, the Queen of the senses, by sweet pleasure (which is an happy cure); and corporal tunes pacify our incorporal soul . . . and carries it beyond itself, helps, elevates, extends it." See Spenser's *Epithalamion*, l. 218:

> "And let the roring Organs loudly play
> The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
> The whiles, with hollow throates,
> The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
> That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring."

Also *Amoretti*, xxxix.:

> "A melting pleasance ran through evry part,
> And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse.
> Whylest rapt with joy resembling heavenly madnes,
> My soul was ravisht quite as in a traunce;
> And feeling thence, no more her sorowes sadnesse,
> Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce."

170. **And rightly spell Of.** This is a construction not uncommon in Burton's and in Milton's prose. It may be compared with *tell of*. It should further be noted that *of* and *off* are variants, thus giving the form *spell of* a breadth of grammatical suggestion that was characteristic of Milton. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 3, Sub. 13, . . . "brings him to *Gnipho*, the usurer's house at midnight, and after that to *Eucratis;* whom they found both awake casting up their accounts, and telling of their money, lean, dry, pale, and anxious." . . . See Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 273:

> "For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
> Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades;
> Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
> Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide."

ARCADES

20. **The wise Latona.** Latona was the mother of Apollo and Diana. The adjective *wise* may be by way of discrimination, since Latona was not the supreme consort of Zeus. It may also be a transferred epithet indicating her relation to the Delphic oracle.

21. **The towered Cybele.** Wife of Saturn and mother of the gods. Her diadem had three towers.

30. **Divine Alpheus.** A river of Arcadia which ran underground through part of its course. When the nymph Arethusa fled from

the hunter Alpheus to Ortygia in Sicily, he was transformed into a river that followed her under the sea and rose again in Ortygia to mingle with the waters of a fountain named after her.

63. **To the celestial Sirens' harmony.** The suggestion for this phrase is clearly the passage in the tenth book of *Plato's Republic*, 616 (Jowett's translation): "Now when the spirits that were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth day they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and on the fourth day from that time they came to a place where they looked down from above upon a line of light, like a column extending right through the whole heaven and earth, in colour not unlike the rainbow, only brighter and purer; another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw reaching from heaven the extremities of the chains of it: for this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the undergirders of a trireme. And from the extremities of the chains is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. The shaft and hook of this spindle are made of steel, and the whorl is made partly of steel and also partly of other materials. Now the whorl is in form like the whorl used on earth; and you are to suppose, as he described, that there is one large hollow whorl which is scooped out, and into this is fitted another lesser one, and another, and another, and four others, making eight in all, like boxes which fit into one another; their edges are turned upwards, and all together form one continuous whorl. This is pierced by the spindle, which is driven home through the centre of the eighth. The first and outermost whorl has the rim broadest, and the seven inner whorls narrow, in the following proportions: — the sixth is next to the first in size, the fourth next to the sixth; then comes the eighth; the seventh is fifth, the fifth is sixth, the third is seventh, last and eighth comes the second. The largest [or fixed stars] is spangled, and the seventh [or sun] is brightest; the eighth [or moon] colored by the reflected light of the seventh; the second and fifth [Mercury and Saturn] are like one another, and of

a yellower colour than the preceding; the third [Venus] has the whitest light; the fourth [Mars] is reddish; the sixth [Jupiter] is in whiteness second. Now the whole spindle has the same motion; but as the whole revolves in one direction, the seven inner circles move slowly in the other, and of these the swiftest is the eighth; next in swiftness are the seventh, sixth, and fifth, which move together; third in swiftness appeared to them to move in reversed orbit the fourth; the third appeared fourth and the second fifth. The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity; and on the upper surface of each circle is a siren, who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note. The eight together form one harmony; and round about, at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne: these are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white raiment and have garlands upon their heads, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos, who accompany with their voices the harmony of the sirens — Lachesis singing of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropos of the future; Clotho now and then assisting with a touch of her right hand the motion of the outer circle or whorl of the spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching and guiding the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other." See also Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of King James and Queen Anne at Theobalds*, l. 15:

> "Daughters of Night and Necessity attend:
> You that draw out the chain of destiny,
> Upon whose threads, both lives and times depend,
> And all the periods of mortality;
> The will of Jove is, that you straight do look
> The change and fate unto this house decreed,
> And spinning from your adamantine hook,
> Unto the Genius of the place it read."

97. **Ladon's.** Ladon was a river of Arcadia.

98. **Lycæus or Cyllene.** Mountains of Arcadia. See Ben Jonson's *The Penates*, "This place whereon you are now advanced (by

the mighty power of poetry, and the help of a faith that can remove mountains) is the Arcadian hill Cyllene, the place where myself [Mercury] was both begot and born, and of which I am frequently called Cyllenius."

100. **Erymanth.** Erymanthus, a mountain range on the border of Arcadia, the haunt of the boar killed by Hercules.

102. **Mænalus.** A mountain of Arcadia.

106. **Syrinx.** A nymph pursued by Pan. She was changed into a reed, and out of it Pan made his pipe, famous in pastoral poetry.

COMUS

4. **In regions mild of calm and serene air.** See Spenser's *Amoretti*, lxxii.:

> "Oft, when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
> In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
> It down is weighd with thoght of earthly things,
> And clogd with burden of mortality."

7. **Pestered.** From the Latin through the French. It means burdened, clogged. *In* and *pastorium* (see *Century Dictionary* for etymology), a clog upon a pastured horse.

7. **Pinfold.** Variant for *pindfold* or *poundfold*. The word occurs in *King Lear* and in *Piers Plowman*. It means a pound for stray cattle.

13. **Golden key.** See *Lycidas*, 111, for another description of this mark of virtuous attainment.

20. **High and nether Jove.** Jupiter and Pluto. The distinction is Homeric, and the dividing of the world among Neptune, Jupiter, and Pluto after the overthrow of Saturn was a "stock property" in literature. Milton, however, had more than a conventional interest in it. It appealed to his imagination as a statesman and as a moralist.

26. **Their sapphire crowns.** See *Isaiah* liv. 11, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

27. **And wield their little tridents.** An excellent example of Milton's dry satire.

29. **Blue-haired deities.** Milton's *Mansus* has "Oceani glaucos profundit gurgite crines," l. 33; but the usual colour given by Ben Jonson to the hair of Oceanus is grey or "mixed." This would support the notion that Milton was using "blue" in its old vague sense of dark and that he made the bright or golden hair the mark of the more powerful gods.

31. **Mickle.** Old form of *much*. It survives in Scotch. See also Spenser's *Muiopotmos:*

> . . . "till mickle woe
> Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare."

33. **Old and haughty.** Wales. See Ben Jonson's *For the Honour of Wales.*

43. **And listen why.** See Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 88:

> "*Eros.* My sword is drawn.
> *Ant.* Then let it do at once
> The thing why thou hast drawn it."

48. **The Tuscan mariners transformed.** Tyrrhenian pirates intended to sell Bacchus as a slave. The god changed them into dolphins, the masts and oars into snakes. Compare the words Tuscan, Etruscan, Tyrrhenian.

49. **As the winds listed.** *Listed* is part of a verb formed by vowel change from *lust*, pleasure.

50. **Circe.** See *Odyssey*, x, Chapman's tr.

58. **Comus.** Milton invents a genealogy and outlines a character for what is hardly more than a name in classic mythology. He seems, however, to have in mind the passage in Ben Jonson's lines *To Sir Robert Wroth:*

"Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights."

60. **Celtic and Iberian fields.** France and Spain are meant.

65. **Orient liquor.** *Orient* means *clear, translucent.*

71. **Ounce** is a kind of lynx. The word is of uncertain origin.

74. **Not once perceive.** Again Milton varies from the Homeric story. The companions of Ulysses were conscious of their disfigurement.

77. **In a sensual sty.** See Ben Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue:*

"*Hercules.* What rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?
. . . . . .
(Help virtue,) these are sponges and not men;
. . . . . .
Whose feast the Belly's? Comus! and my cup
Brought in to fill the drunken orgies up,
And here abus'd; that was the crowned reward
Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard!
Burdens and shames of nature, perish, die!
For yet you never lived, but in the sty.
. . . . . .
Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man,
Or so quite change him in his figure?
. . . . . .
These monsters plague themselves and fitly too,
For they do suffer what and all they do."

See Spenser's *An Hymne of Heavenly Love:*

"Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle." . . .

83. **Iris' woof.** A rainbow weave.

84. **A swain.** The musician, Henry Lawes, who played the part.

87. **Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar.**

See Ben Jonson's *Forest: Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland*, l. 74:

> "I have already used some happy hours,
> To her remembrance; which when time shall bring
> To curious light, to notes I then shall sing,
> Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be:
> For I shall move stocks, stones, no less than he."

97. **Steep Atlantic.** Steep here means *bright, glittering.*

105. **Rosy twine.** Means *rosy strand.*

110. **Saws.** See Old English *sagu.* A maxim or saying.

116. **Morrice.** A dance brought by John of Gaunt to England. Called also *Morisco.*

129. **Cotytto.** Thracian goddess of debauchery.

132. **Spets.** Variant of *spits.*

135. **Hecat'.** Presiding genius of magic and witchcraft.

151. **Trains.** See Middle English *traynen*, to entice. See Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 241: "Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep."

154. **Spongy air.** Note the use of *sponges* in the passage quoted from Ben Jonson, 77, above.

175. **Granges.** Barns for corn, granaries.

176. **Praise the bounteous Pan.** See the mask of Ben Jonson's called *Pan's Anniversary.* The whole is a point of departure for this first speech of the Lady, but the second Hymn affords particular occasion for *thank the gods amiss.* It is:

> "Pan is our All, by him we breathe, we live,
> We move, we are; 'tis he our lambs doth rear,
> Our flocks doth bless, and from the store doth give
> The warm and finer fleeces that we wear.
> He keeps away all heats and colds,
> Drives all diseases from our folds;
> Makes everywhere the spring to dwell,
> The ewes to feed, their udders swell;
> But if he frown, the sheep, alas!
> The shepherds wither, and the grass."

207. **Calling shapes.** See Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, i. 1. 117:

"Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow."

See also Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2: "In the deserts of Lop in Asia, such illusions of walking spirits are often perceived . . . these devils will call him by his name, and counterfeit voices of his companions to seduce him."

215. **Chastity.** Compare with Ben Jonson's "Untouched Virginity" in *The Barriers*.

221. **Was I deceived?** These questions and answers were a feature of conventional ballad and pastoral poetry. See the later use made of this device by Coleridge in *Christabel*.

232. **Meander.** A winding river of Asia Minor.

237. **Narcissus.** The love of Echo. He was changed into a flower. She pined away until nothing was left but her voice.

245. **Breathe such divine enchanting.** Note the difference between Milton's conception of Comus as having still a soul of good in a thing evil and all similar presentations by Ben Jonson and other mask writers. Only Shakespeare is Milton's master here.

253. **The Sirens three.** This episode is invented by Milton.

257. **Scylla.** A sea-monster in Greek mythology represented as dwelling in the rock Scylla, in the Strait of Messina.

259. **Charybdis.** See Virgil's *Æneid*, iii. 551–560.

262. **But such a sacred and home-felt delight.** This is most beautiful poetry, but the student should consider whether it is suited to the speaker or the character of a mask. See Ben Jonson's *The Barriers*, l. 68:

"A settled quiet, freedom never checked."

275. **The courteous Echo.** See Ben Jonson's *Pan's Anniversary*, Hymn iii:

"If yet, if yet,
Pan's orgies you will further fit,

See where the silver-footed fays do sit,
The nymphs of wood and water;
Each tree's and fountain's daughter!
. . . . . .
Echo the truest oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.
Echo. *Though nothing but a sound.*
. . . . . .
And often heard, though never seen."

290. **Hope.** Goddess of youth.

293. **Swinked.** See Old English, *swincan*, to toil. See Spenser's *Prosopopoia*, l. 161:

"Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee;
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other."

297. **Their port was more than human.** See Spenser's *Prothalamion*, l. 168:

"Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright."

299. **Element.** Here used in the most general sense compatible with the idea of the occult or of magic.

313. **Bosky.** See *busky*, *bushy*, *boscaye*.

315. **Attendance.** Attendants. Compare with *visitor* and *visitant*.

317. **Low-roosted.** *Low-nesting* is the real meaning.

322. **Courtesy.** Contrast the undoubted expression of Milton's opinions on this subject with Ben Jonson's on Chivalry, in *Prince Henry's Barriers*:

"'Tis CHIVALRY
Possessed with sleep, dead as a lethargy:
If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our Meliadus, I'll use his fame.
Lady, Meliadus, lord of the isles,
Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now styles
The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield
Upon his tent, and here doth keep the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike and sword.
. . . . . .
"Break, you rusty doors,
That have so long been shut, and from the shores
Of all the world come knighthood, like a flood
Upon these lists, to make the field here good,
And your own honours, that are now called forth
Against the wish of men to prove your worth!"

341. **Star of Arcady.** Allusion is here made to the constellation of the Great Bear by which Greek sailors steered. Arcadia was the home of Callisto and her son Arcas, who were transformed into the Great and Little Bear.

344. **Wattled cotes.** Cot of twigs, from Old English *watel*, a hurdle and cote, a variant of *cot*.

391. **Or maple dish.** See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 3, Mem. 3: "A poor man drinks in a wooden dish, and eats his meat in wooden spoons, wooden platters, earthen vessels, and such homely stuff; the other in gold, silver, and precious stones; but with what success? . . . fear of poison in the one, security in the other."

393. **Hesperian tree.** Allusion to one of the labours of Hercules in killing the dragon set to watch the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides.

413. **Squint suspicion.** See Ben Jonson's *The Mask of Queens*, l. 53:

"First then advance
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,

Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,
Whose eyes do never sleep."

See also Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, iii. 12. 15:

"His rolling eies did never rest in place."

434. **Blue meagre hag.** See Ben Jonson's *The Masque of Blackness*, "Since death herself (herself being pale and blue)."

463. **But when lust.** This and the remainder of the speech are a poetic paraphrase of the analysis made by Burton, in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, of sensual degradation and the resulting melancholy.

476. **How charming is divine Philosophy!**
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.
The popular attitude toward philosophy is well enough presented in the satire of Ben Jonson's *The Fortunate Isles*, where Jophiel, an airy spirit, and, according to the Magi, the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere, discourses with Merefool after the following fashion:

"*Joph.* Where would you wish to be now, or what to see,
Without the Fortunate Purse to bear your charges,
Or Wishing Hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this collyrium,
And you shall see in the air all the ideas,
Spirits, and atoms, flies that buz about
This way and that way, and are rather admirable,
Than any way intelligible.
Mere. O, come, tinct me.
. . . . . .
But shall I only see?
Joph. See, and command.
. . . . . .
Mere. Let me see Pythagoras.
Joph. Good.
Mere. Or Plato.

Joph. Plato is framing some ideas
Are now bespoken at a groat a dozen,
Three gross at least: and for Pythagoras,
He has rashly run himself on an employment
Of keeping asses from a field of beans,
And cannot be stav'd off";

or again in *The Metamorphosed Gipsies*, of the same author, Jackman says: "If we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood; yet if any man doubt of the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of canting, and published in the gipsy tongue."

See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 4: "Or let him that is melancholy peruse subtle *Scotus*' and *Saurez*' Metaphysicks, or School Divinity, *Occam*, *Thomas*, *Entisberus*, *Durand*, etc. . . . If such voluntary tasks, pleasures and delight, or crabbedness of these studies will not yet divert their idle thoughts, and alienate their imaginations, they must be compelled . . ."

494. **Thyrsis.** Theocritus makes Thyrsis a herdman, Virgil makes him a shepherd.

502. **Such a trivial toy.** This now unusual use of the word *toy* is found in a similar connection of ideas in Burton. See *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 3, Mem. 1, Subs. 4: "He may thus continue peradventure many years by reason of a strong temperature, or some mixture of business which may divert his cogitations; but at the last, *læsa imaginatio*, his phantasy is crazed, and now habituated to such toys, cannot but work still like a fate; the scene alters upon a sudden, Fear and Sorrow supplant those pleasing thoughts, suspicion, discontent, and perpetual anxiety succeed in their places; so by little and little, by that shoeing born of idleness and voluntary solitariness, Melancholy, this feral fiend is drawn on . . . it was not so delicious at first, as now it is bitter and harsh . . ." Also he cites from Lucian, "Contemn the world and count that is in it vanity and toys." From Calenus, . . . "amidst thy serious studies

and business, use jests and conceits, plays and toys." . . . See also Spenser's *The Teares of the Muses* (Terpsichore), l. 325:

> "All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
> And raigne in liking of the multitude."

513. **I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous.** Milton evidently had in mind Burton's discussion of the nature of devils, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2, Part of this is as follows: . . . "that they can represent castles in the air, palaces, armies, spectrums, prodigies, and such strange objects to mortal men's eyes, cause smells, savours, etc., deceive all the senses; most writers of this subject credibly believe, and that they can foretell future events and do many strange miracles. *Juno's* image spake to Camillus, and *Fortune's* statue to the *Roman* matrons, with many such, *Zanchius*, *Bodine*, *Spondanus*, and others are of opinion that they cause a true Metamorphosis, as Nebuchadnezzar was really translated into a beast, Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, Ulysses' companions into hogs and dogs by *Circe's* charms. . . . Many will not believe they can be seen, and if any man shall say, swear, and stiffly maintain, though he be discreet and wise, judicious and learned, that he hath seen them, they account him a timorous fool, a melancholy dizzard, a weak fellow, a dreamer, a sick or a mad man, they contemn him, laugh him to scorn, and yet *Marcus* of his credit told Psellus that he had often seen them. . . . Many deny it, saith Lavater . . . *because they never saw them themselves;* but as he reports at large all over his book . . . they are often seen and heard and familiarly converse with men, as *Lod. Vives* assureth us, innumerable records, histories, and testimonies evince in all ages, times, places, and all travellers besides . . . have infinite variety of such examples of apparitions of spirits, for him to read that farther doubts, to his ample satisfaction."

517. **Chimeras.** See Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 6 . . . "they smell brimstone, talk familiarly with Devils, hear and see *Chimeras*, prodigious and uncouth shapes,

Bears, Owls, Anticks, black dogs, fiends, hideous outcries, fearful noises, shrieks, lamentable complaints." . . .

520. **Navel.** This is the diminutive of nave. The original meaning of nave is associated with the idea of bursting, and the immediate application is to the central or body part of an instrument or building. The nave of a wheel, of a church.

526. **Murmurs.** This is an imitative word used, doubtless, allusively, to suggest spells and charms employed by a magician.

542. **Knot-grass.** Possibly the florin grass.

546. **Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy.** See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 3, Mem. 1, Subs. 4. *Ups and Downs of Melancholy:* "Generally thus much we may conclude of melancholy; that it is most pleasant at first, I say, *mentis gratissimus error*, a most delightsome humour, to be alone, dwell alone, walk alone, meditate, lie in bed whole days, dreaming awake as it were, and frame a thousand fantastical imaginations unto themselves. They are never better pleased than when they are so doing, they are in paradise for the time, and cannot well endure to be interrupt; . . . 'tis so pleasant, he cannot refrain." See also John Fletcher, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, p. 240:

> "Hence, all you vain delights,
> As short as are the nights
> Wherein you spend your folly!
> There's naught in this life sweet,
> If men were wise to see't,
> But only melancholy—
> O sweetest melancholy!
> Welcome, folded armes and fixèd eyes,
> A sight that piercing mortifies;
> A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
> A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
>
> "Fountain-heads and pathless groves;
> Places which pale passion loves!
> Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan —
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

552. **Till an unusual stop.** See l. 145. Is this reference a good dramatic device?

589. **Virtue may be assailed.** See the songs in Ben Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue:*

"These, these are hours by Virtue spared,
Herself, she being her own reward.
But she will have you know,
That though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

"You must return unto the Hill,
And there advance
With labour, and inhabit still
That height and crown,
From whence you ever may look down
Upon triumphed chance.

"She, she it is in darkness shines,
'Tis she that still herself refines,
By her own light to every eye;
More seen, more known, when Vice stands by;
And though a stranger here on earth,
In heaven she hath her right of birth."

604. **Sooty flag of Acheron.** This is one of Milton's liberties with words. The idea to be conveyed is that of a black flag. Acheron was a river, and the under-world, thus typified, was logically wet, not sooty, as would have been natural had the reference been to the fires of Hell. But pictures of pirates, associations with black as the colour of doom, combine to make this one of the most successful of Milton's verbal adventures.

605. Harpies. Virgil's *Æneid*, iii. 212, 213.

605. Hydras. The nine-headed dragon of Lake Lerna. The destruction of the Hydra was one of the twelve labours of Hercules.

614. Unthread thy joints. See Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 26. "I had rather crack my sinews, break my back." See also Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 3, on the effects of spells and curses.

619. Certain shepherd lad. The effort of some editors to find here a reference to Milton's friend, Charles Diodati, illustrates the excess of zeal likely to overtake commentators. There is not only no need of specific reference in this passage, but the character of the alleged reference does not suit with either Milton's literary methods or Charles Diodati's relations with him.

627. Simples. Medicinal herbs or medicines obtained from an herb, in view of its supposed possession of some particular virtue. The term is really an abbreviation for *simple herbs*, *simple substances*. See the form *whites*, *yellows*, etc.

635. Clouted shoon. Patched shoes. Clouted is a form of Old English *clut*, a rag. See *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 23.:

> "How should I your true love know
> From another one?
> By his cockle hat and staff,
> And his sandal shoon."

636. Moly. See *Odyssey*, x. 305. The plant that protected Ulysses from the magic of Circe. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 4, "Bernardus Penottus prefers his *Herba solis*, or Dutch *sindaw*, before all the rest in this disease, and will admit of no herb upon the earth to be compared to it. It excels Homer's Moly." . . .

638. Hæmony. See Spenser's *Astrophel*, l. 1:

> "A gentle shepheard borne in Arcady,
> Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
> About the grassie bancks of Hæmony
> Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store."

The spirit of Milton's passage seems to be taken from Burton in his defense of native against exotic simples, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 2: "For as there be divers distinct infirmities, continually vexing us, . . . so there be several remedies, as he saith, *for each disease a medicine, for every humour*, and, as some hold, every clime, every country, and more than that, every private place, hath his proper remedies growing in it, peculiar almost to the domineering and most frequent maladies of it. . . . I know that many are of opinion our Northern simples are weak, imperfect, not so well concocted, of such force, as those in the Southern parts, not so fit to be used in physick, and will therefore fetch their drugs afar off! . . . Many times they are over curious in this kind, whom, *Fuchsius* taxeth, . . . *thet they think they do nothing except they rake all over India, Arabia, Æthiopia, for remedies, and fetch their Physick from the three quarters of the world, and from beyond the Garasnantes. Many an old wife or country woman doth often more good with a few known and common garden herbs than our bombast Physicians with all their prodigious, sumptuous, far-fetched, rare, conjectural medicines.*"

The effect of *Hæmony* was probably suggested to Milton by the treatment of herbs, as a cure for Despair, found in Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 6: "Of herbs, he reckons as Pennyroyal, Rue, Mint, Angelica, Piony: . . . St. John's wort . . . which by a divine virtue drives away Devils, . . . all which rightly used by their suffitus expel Devils themselves, and all devilish illusions. . . . The ancients used therefore to plant it (Betony) in churchyards, because it was held to be an holy herb, and good against fearful visions, did secure such places it grew in, and sanctified those persons that carried it about them.

646. **Lime-twigs.** Literally twigs daubed with bird lime. Hence snares. See Spenser's *Muiopotmos*, l. 428:

> "Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wingës twaine
> In lymie snares the subtill loupes among."

653. But seize his wand. See Ben Jonson's *The Fortunate Isles:*

> . . . "you shall be
> Principal secretary to the stars:
> Know all the signatures and combinations,
> The divine rods and consecrated roots:
> What not?"

655. Sons of Vulcan. Virgil's *Æneid*, viii. 252. The giant Cacus, son of Vulcan, is alluded to.

660. Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster. See Spenser's *An Hymne In Honour of Love*, l. 138:

> "And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
> Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
> Whose love before their life they doe prefer."

672. Julep. Means here a sweet drink, otherwise rose water.

675. Nepenthes. *Odyssey*, iv. 221. See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 6, Subs. 2: "A gentle speech is the true cure of a wounded soul, as Plutarch contends out of Æschylus and Euripides . . . a charm, . . . that true *Nepenthes* of *Homer*, which was no *Indian* plant or feigned medicine, which *Polydamna*, *Thon's* wife, sent Helen for a token, as *Macrobius* 7, . . . and others suppose, but opportunely of speech: for *Helen's* bowl, *Media's* unction, *Venus'* girdle, *Circe's* cup, cannot so enchant, so forcibly move or alter, as it doth. . . . Pt. 2, Sec. 2, Mem. 6, Subs. 4: Pleasant discourse, jests, conceits, merry tales, as *Petronius* . . . and many good Authors plead, are that sole *Nepenthes* of *Homer*, *Helen's* bowl, *Venus'* girdle, so renowned of old to expel grief and care, to cause mirth and gladness of heart, if they be rightly understood, or reasonably applied. Pt. 2, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 3: *Pliny* much magnifies this plant (Bugloss). It may be diversely used . . . an herb indeed of such sovereignty that as *Diodorus*, Plutarch . . . suppose it was that famous *Nepenthes* of *Homer*, which Polydamna, Thon's wife (then king of *Thebes in Ægypt*) sent *Helen* for a token, of such rare virtue, that if taken steept in

wine, if wife and children, father and mother, brother and sister, and all thy dearest friends, should die before thy face, thou couldst not grieve or shed a tear for them. . . . Pt. 2, Sec. 5, Mem. 1, Subs. 5: Amongst this number of Cordials and Alteratives I do not find a more present remedy than a cup of wine or strong drink, if it be soberly and opportunely used. . . . *It glads the heart of man, Helen's* bowl, the sole Nectar of the Gods, or that true *Nepenthes* in *Homer*, which puts away care and grief, as *Orebasius* and some others will, was naught else but a cup of good wine." . . .

707. **Budge doctors of the Stoic fur.** Halliwell has, "budge, lambskin with the wool dressed outwards, often worn on the edges of capes, as gowns of bachelors of arts are still made." See *bag* and *budget.*

707. **Stoic.** See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Symptoms of Love*, Pt. 3, Sec. 2, Mem. 3, Subs. 1: "Your most grim Stoicks, and severe Philosophers will melt away with this passion, and if Athenæus bely them not, *Aristippus*, *Apollodorus*, etc., have made love-songs and commentaries of their Mistress' praises, Orators wrote Epistles, Princes given Titles, Honours, what not?"

708. **Cynic tub.** Allusion to Diogenes.

719. **Hutched.** Means put in a box or chest. The origin of the word is uncertain.

721. **Pulse.** See Latin *puls*, beans, pease.

739. **Beauty is Nature's coin.** See Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, i. vi. See also Ben Jonson, *The Barriers.*

745. **Brag.** Probably of Celtic origin, meaning *to boast.* Spenser uses an adjective *bragy.*

750. **Sorry.** Old English, *sarig*, wounded, afflicted, miserable. See *stony*, *bony*, *gory.*

760. **Bolt.** To sift through cloth; hence *to quibble.*

779. **Crams.** Middle English, *crammen.* Old English, *crammian*, to stuff. See Spenser's *Visions of the World's Vanitie*, iii. 3:

"A mightie Crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie prey."

787. **Serious doctrine of Virginity.** See, for the opposite, the verses of Ben Jonson in *The Barriers*.

800. **She fables not.** See Ben Jonson's *Love Restored:*

> "I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs.
> Away with this cold cloud that dims
> My light! Lie there, my furs, and charms." . . .

803. **Wrath of Jove.** Alludes to the overthrow of the Titans.

804. **Erebus.** See *Paradise Lost*, ii. 883. See Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 213:

> "By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
> Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call."

809. **'Tis but the lees.** This is a poetic paraphrase of Burton in his treatment of melancholy arising from humours and spirits of the body.

816. **Rod reversed.** See Ovid, *Met.* xiv. 300. See Spenser's *The Ruines of Rome*, xxii:

> "So, when the compast course of the universe
> In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
> The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
> To their first discord, and be quite undonne."

817. **Backward mutters.** See Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 59:

> "I never yet saw man,
> How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
> But she would spell him backward."

See Spenser's *Prosopopoia*, l. 832:

> "Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
> The Sectaries thereof, as people base
> And simple men, which never came in place
> Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,
> Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd."

822. **Melibœus.** Conventional name for a shepherd. The literary allusion here is to Geoffrey of Monmouth, author of the

History of the Britons, from which the story of Sabre or Sabrina is taken.

826. **Sabrina is her name.** See Spenser's *Daphnaïda*, l. 99:

> "Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
> My little flocke on westerne downes to keepe
> Not far from whence Sabrinæs streame doth flow."

835. **Nereus.** A sea god, son of Pontus and Gæa, husband of Doris, and father of the fifty Nereids.

838. **Asphodil.** One of the flowers of the Elysian fields.

845. **Urchin blasts.** Elvish or impish blights. See *King Lear*, i. 4. 321: "Blasts and fogs upon thee." *Job* iv. 9: "By the blast of God they perish." Lyly, *Euphues:* . . . "Some blossoms, some blasts."

868. **Great Oceanus.** In ancient geography, a swift and unbounded stream. The outer sea or Atlantic Ocean. The husband of Tethys.

869. **Neptune.** A sea god. See Ben Jonson's *Neptune's Triumph:*

> "The mighty Neptune, mighty in his styles,
> And large command of waters and of isles;
> Not as the 'lord and sovereign of the seas,'
> But 'chief in the art of riding,' late did please,
> To send his Albion forth, the most his own,
> Upon discovery to themselves best known,
> Through Celtiberia; and, to assist his course,
> Gave him his powerful Manager of Horse,
> With divine Proteus, father of disguise,
> To wait upon them with his counsels wise,
> In all extremes."

872. **Carpathian wizard.** See Virgil's *Georgics*, iv. Proteus is alluded to. He was a sea god, the son of Oceanus and Tethys, and had the power of assuming different shapes. He was also a sea shepherd, with sea calves for his flock.

873. **Triton.** Son of Neptune, or Poseidon, and Amphitrite, or

Celæno. He had a shell trumpet which he blew to quiet the waves and he rode the sea horses.

874. **Soothsaying Glaucus.** A fisherman of Bœotia, transformed into a sea god with prophetic powers.

875. **Leucothea's lovely hands.** Ino, the white goddess, daughter of Cadmus, mother of the sea god, Palæmon, god of ports and harbours. See *Odyssey*, v. 461–462.

877. **Thetis.** Daughter of Nereus, mother of Achilles. Homer makes her "silver-footed."

878. **Sirens sweet.** Three sea nymphs whose home was an island near Cape Pelorus in Sicily. They lured sailors ashore by their songs and then killed them. The three are Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucothea.

894. **Turkis.** Turquoise. The real meaning of the word is simply *Turkish.*

921. **Amphitrite's bower.** Chamber of Amphitrite, wife of Neptune.

922. **Daughter of Locrine.** Sabrina's father, son of Brutus, the second founder of Britain. His wife was Gwendolen of Cornwall. Sabrina's mother was Estrildis, a German princess.

923. **Anchises' line.** Anchises was father of Æneas; Brutus was descended from Anchises.

964. **Dryades.** Wood nymphs whose lives were bound up with those of their trees.

991. **Nard and cassia.** Skeat says, "*Nard*, an unguent from an aromatic plant . . . the name is Aryan, from Sanskrit *nal*, to smell." Cassia is a species of laurel.

999. **Adonis.** The beloved of Venus. He died gored by a wild boar.

1002. **Assyrian queen.** Astarte. The Phœnician moon goddess. See *Paradise Lost*, i. 438.

1004. **Cupid.** The story of Cupid and Psyche is given in *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius. For versions of the episode, see Lafontaine, Molière, William Morris, Walter Pater. The story is briefly

that Cupid loved Psyche, a mortal maiden. He visited her at night with strict instructions that she should make no effort to discover who he was. Her curiosity led her to disobey, and in holding a lamp over his body, she dropped hot oil on his shoulder, woke him; and he fled. Psyche wandered through all lands, searching for her lover, and was cruelly persecuted by Venus. At last she was made immortal and united to Cupid. The treatment given to this story by Walter Pater in *Marius the Epicurean* is remarkably close to the spirit of that by Apuleius.

1019. **Love Virtue; she alone is free.** See Ben Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue:*

> "There, there is Virtue's seat:
> Strive to keep her your own;
> 'Tis only she can make you great,
> Though place here make you known."

Also Spenser's *The Teares of the Muses* (Calliope), l. 457:

> "Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
> And golden Trompet of eternitie,
> That lowly thoughts lift up to heaven's hight,
> And mortall men have powre to deifie;
> Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
> And Charlemaine amongst the Starris seaven."

LYCIDAS

1. **Yet once more.** There seems little reason for finding any peculiar or biographical significance in this phrase. The reference is quite as much to the fact that Milton is another in the long list of aspirants to the laurel as that it is three years since he had written *Comus*. The student should compare the phrase and verse structure of this opening with that of Spenser's *Astrophel*.

8. **Lycidas.** A name used in pastorals by Virgil, Ovid, Theocritus.

10. **He knew.** King wrote Latin verses, but the compliment implied seems somewhat empty at the hands of Milton.

11. **Rhyme.** This spelling does not appear before 1550. The Old English *rim* meant number. See also Spenser's *Ruines of Rome*, xxv:

> "I would assay with that which in me is
> To builde, with levell of my loftie style
> That which no hands can evermore compyle."

13. **Welter.** Old English *wealtan*, to roll around. See *walk*, *waltz*.

14. **Melodious tear.** See Spenser's title to his poem, *The Teares of the Muses*.

15. **Sisters of the sacred well.** The Pierian Spring at the foot of Olympus in Thessaly, the birthplace and home of the nine muses, daughters of Zĕus and Mnemosyne. Milton was mindful of Spenser's *The Teares of the Muses*, l. 1:

> "Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
> The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
> Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad tine
> Which tale ye powred forth as ye did sit
> Beside the silver Springs of Helicone,
> Making your musick of hart-breaking mone."

28. **Greyfly.** The horse-fly, or cleg.

34. **Satyrs . . . Fauns.** Satyr, a monster, half man, half goat. Faun, a rural deity, sometimes confused with satyrs. Originally the faun had a human form, but with short goat's tail, pointed ears, and small hǫrns; later they were represented with the hind legs of a goat.

36. **Damœtas.** A herdsman figuring in the Pastorals of Theocritus and of Virgil.

40. **Gadding.** Rambling idly. See *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 2. 16. See also *gad-fly*.

46. **Taint-worm.** Possibly a small red spider, hurtful to cattle.

52. **The steep.** The hill.

53. **Druids.** Priests or ministers of Celtic religion in Gaul, Ireland, and Britain. Their chief seats were in Wales, Brittany, and France.

54. **Mona.** The Roman name for the island of Anglesey. See Leconte de Lisle's *Le Massacre de Mona.*

55. **Deva.** Chester, on the river Dee, was the port from which Edward King sailed. Spenser and Drayton describe the river as the home of magicians.

58. **What could the Muse.** Orpheus, son of the muse Calliope, offended the Thracian women by his stubborn grief for Eurydice. They tore him to pieces in their Bacchanalian rites. The Muses buried his body at the foot of Olympus, his head was thrown into the Hebrus, which carried it to Lesbos, where it rested. See *Paradise Lost*, vii. 32–39.

64. **Alas! what boots it with incessant care.** See Spenser's *The Teares of the Muses* (Calliope), l. 445:

> "What bootes it then to come from glorious
> Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
> What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
> Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd;
> If none of neither mention should make,
> Nor out of dust their memories awake?
> Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
> Or strive in vertue others to excell,
> If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
> Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
> For if good were not praised more than ill,
> None would choose goodnes of his owne free will."

66. **And strictly meditates the thankless Muse.** This use of verbs commonly intransitive as transitive is by no means peculiar to Milton. Freedom in this respect is a poetic privilege. Shakespeare and Spenser take all sorts of liberties with the "parts of speech." Examples from Spenser are:

The Teares of the Muses (Calliope), l. 436: "That doth degenerate the noble race."

l. 463: "But now I will my golden Clarion rend,

l. 464: "And will henceforth immortalize no more."

l. 421: "To whom shall I my evill case complaine."

The Teares of the Muses (Polyhymnia), l. 582: "That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!"

Ruines of Rome, xiv:

"And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes,
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde."

68. **Amaryllis.** A shepherdess in the *Idyls* of Theocritus and the *Eclogues* of Virgil.

69. **Neæra.** A maiden of classic pastoral poetry. See Burton's translation of *Marullus, Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 2, Mem. 3, Subs. 1:

"So thy white neck, Neæra, me poor soul
Doth scorch, thy cheeks, thy wanton eyes that roll:
Were it not for my dropping tears that hinder
I should be quite burnt up forthwith to cinder."

See *ibid.*, *Ariosto*, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 2, Mem. 3, Subs. 1:

"He that commends Phyllis, or Neæra,
Or Amaryllis, or Galatea,
Tityrus, or Melibæa, by your leave,
Let him be mute, his Love the praises have."

75. **The blind Fury.** Atropos. See Spenser's *Ruines of Rome*, xxiv:

"If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeth oft."

78. **Fame is no plant.** See Spenser's *The Teares of the Muses* (Urania), l. 524:

"How ever yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,

And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought;
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly."

79. **Nor in the glistering foil.** See Burton's use of the word *glistering*, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 2, Sec. 3, Mem. 3: "Some he doth exalt, prefer, bless with worldly riches, honours, offices, and preferments, as so many glistering stars he makes to shine above the rest." The Old English verb *glisnian* is the form that should regularly give a verb *glisen*, but the word is spelled with an excrescent *t*. This *t*, however, is not sounded, unless its influence in keeping the *s* hard may be considered a sound by courtesy. See Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 99, 100:

"Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye."

85. **O fountain Arethuse.** The Muse of pastoral poetry had her home by the fountain of Arethusa in Sicily. Allusion is also to Theocritus as a writer of pastorals.

86. **Smooth-sliding Mincius.** A river in Italy near which Virgil was born. See Virgil's *Eclogue*, vii. See also Spenser's *Virgil's Gnat*, l. 17:

"He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood,
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire Xanthus sprincled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Astery abide;
Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes divide,
And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily."

87. **But now my oat.** Old English *ate*, pl. *atan*. A cereal plant. In secondary sense, a musical pipe of oat straw; figuratively, pastoral song.

89. **The Herald of the Sea.** Triton.

96. **Hippotades.** Æolus, the wind god, son of Hippota.

99. **Panope.** One of the Nereids.

101. **Built in the eclipse.** See *Paradise Lost*, ii, 665, 666:

> . . . "the labouring moon
> Eclipses at their charms."

Also *Paradise Lost*, i. 597:

> . . . "from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, or with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs."

103. **Next Camus.** The genius of the river Cam and of Cambridge University.

106. **Sanguine flower inscribed with woe.** The hyacinth. On the petals appear marks interpreted by the Greeks as *ai*, *ai*, alas! alas!

109. **The Pilot of the Galilean lake.** St. Peter. See Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*.

112. **Mitred locks.** The mitre is the symbol of episcopal authority. St. Peter is the head and chief bishop of the church.

113. **How well could I have spared.** See on this general subject Spenser's *The Shepheards Calender* (Maye, Julye, September). See also Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 3: "In our days we have a new scene of superstitious Imposters and Hereticks, a new company of Actors, of Antichrists, that great Antichrist himself; a rope of Popes, that by their greatness and authority bear down all before them; who from that time they proclaimed themselves universal Bishops, to establish their own kingdom, sovereignty, greatness, and to enrich themselves brought in such a company of human traditions . . ." Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 2, Subs. 2: "All their study is to please, and their god is their commodity, their labour to satisfy their lusts, and their endeavours to

their own ends. . . . They have Esau's hands, and Jacob's voice; yea and many of those holy Friars, sanctified men . . . They are wolves in sheep's clothing. . . ."

Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 2: "His ordinary instruments or factors which he useth, as God himself did good Kings, lawful Magistrates, patriarchs, prophets, to the establishing of his Church, are Politicians, Statesmen, Priests, Hereticks, blind guides, Impostors, pseudo-prophets to propagate his superstition. . . .

"Now for their authority, what by auricular Confession, satisfaction, penance, *Peter's* keys, thunderings, excommunications, etc. . . .

"And if it were not yet enough by Priests and Politicians to delude mankind, and crucify the souls of men, he hath more actors in his Tragedy, more Irons in the fire, another Scene of Hereticks, factions, ambitious wits, insolent spirits, Schismaticks, Impostors, false Prophets, blind guides, that out of pride, singularity, vain glory, blind zeal, cause much more madness yet, set all in uproar by their new doctrines, paradoxes, figments, crotchets, make new divisions, subdivisions, new sects, oppose one superstition to another, commit Prince and subjects, brother against brother, father against son, to the ruin and destruction of a common-wealth, to the disturbance of peace, and to make a general confusion of all estates."

122. **What recks it them?** The impersonal use of the verb from the Old English *recan*, to care. Here it means, as in *Comus*, l. 404, *concerns*.

123. **List.** This was in general use by Spenser, Burton, and other writers familiar to Milton in his reading.

124. **Scrannel.** This word is clearly dialectical. See *scrawny*.

128. **The grim wolf.** There seems little need of forcing the interpretation closely here. Milton is describing the evils of careless herding. The wolf was one of the traditional enemies of the flock and was a danger whether in the guise of a Pope or of an Archbishop Laud. There might also have been a literary reminiscence of the *Kidde* and the *Foxe* in Spenser's *Shepheards Calender* (May). Irresponsibility is always an enemy of true religion.

130. **But that two-handed engine.** The inspiration of this passage is clearly found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 2: "Now the means by which, or advantages the Devil and his infernal Ministers take, so to delude and disquiet the world with such idle ceremonies, false doctrines, superstitious fopperies, are from themselves, innate fear, ignorance, simplicity, *Hope* and *Fear*, those two battering Canons, and principal Engines, with their objects, reward and punishment, Purgatory, *Limbus Patrum*, etc. . . . To these advantages of *Hope* and *Fear*, ignorance and simplicity, he hath several engines, traps, devices, to batter and enthrall. . . ."

131. **Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.** See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 3, Sec. 4, Mem. 1, Subs. 3: "For it is that great torture, that infernal plague of mortal man, *omnium pestium pestilentissima superstitio*, and able of itself to stand in opposition to all other plagues, miseries, and calamities whatsoever; far more cruel, more pestiferous, more grievous, more general, more violent, of a greater extent. Other fears and sorrows, grievances of body and mind, are troublesome for the time; but this is for ever, eternal damnation, hell itself, a plague, a fire; an inundation hurts one Province alone, and the loss may be recovered; but this superstition involves all the world almost, and can never be remedied. Sickness and sorrows come and go, but a superstitious soul hath no rest; . . . no peace, no quietness. True religion and Superstition are quite opposite, *longè diversa carnificina et pietas*, as *Lactantius* describes, the one erears, the other dejects; . . . the one is an easy yoke, the other an intolerable burden, an absolute tyranny; the one a sure anchor, an haven; the other a tempestuous Ocean; the one makes, the other mars; the one is wisdom, the other is folly, madness, indiscretion; the one unfeigned, the other a counterfeit; the one a diligent observer, the other an ape; one leads to heaven, the other to hell."

Milton was an extreme individualist in religion, and the picture he draws of the misguided flock has a long and wide historical

application. No true religion is intended by it, and all false doctrine, envy, and schism, wherever met, is covered by it.

132. **Return, Alpheus.** The lover of Arethusa. This alludes, figuratively, to the almost forgotten claims of pastoral poetry.

138. **Swart star.** Sirius, the dog star. *Swart* is the Old English *sweart*, black. Compare *sordid*.

142. **The rathe primrose.** See Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, ii., for an interesting criticism on this passage. The proper form should preserve an initial *h*, *hrath*, quick, ready, swift. Here the word means *early*.

150. **Daffadillies.** Asphodil. The corrupt form has a certain pathos that the classic name might lack.

151. **Laureate hearse.** *Hearse* meant originally a kind of pyramidal candlestick used in the services of holy week. Then it became the name of the funeral carriage. *Laureate* means crowned with laurel. See Spenser's *Daphnaïda*, l. 526:

> "And ye, faire Damsels! Shepheards dere delights,
> That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
> When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
> Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesse."

151. **Lycid.** Lycidas.

156. **Stormy Hebrides.** Islands west of Scotland, the Ebudæ of Ptolemy, or the Hebrides of Pliny.

160. **Bellerus old.** A legendary Cornish giant. His home was supposed to be Land's End.

161. **The guarded mount.** See Spenser's *The Shepheards Calender* (Julye):

> "In evill houre thou hentest in hond
> Thus holy hylles to blame,
> For sacred unto saints they stond,
> And of them han theyr name.
> St. Michels Mount who does not know,
> That wardes the Westerne coste?"

162. Namancos. Aumantia, a town in Old Castile, Spain.

162. Bayona. Bayonne.

173. Of Him that walked the waves. See *Matthew* xiv. 22 *et seq.*

176. Unexpressive. Used here in the sense of inexpressible.

181. And wipe the tears. See *Revelation* vii. 17; xxi. 4.

186. Uncouth. Old English *un*, not, and *cuth*, known; past participle of *cunnan*, to know. See Lowland Scotch *unco*. The meaning is variously: strange, unusual, odd, lonely, solitary.

188. Stops of various quills. Quills, a cane or reed pipe, such as were used in Pan's pipes. See Spenser's *The Shepheards Calender* (June), "homely shepheards quill," and *Daphnaïda*, iii, "Ne ever shepheard sound his oaten quill." . . .

189. Doric lay. A song or poem in the language of the Dorians. This dialect was characterized by broadness and hardness and was contrasted with Lydian and Ionian. It was also the pastoral dialect.

190. And now. It was customary to close pastorals with some reference to time and seasons in nature. See Virgil's *Eclogues*. Also Spenser's *The Shepheards Calender* (Januarie):

> "By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
> His weary waine; and nowe the frosty Night
> Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile;
> Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
> Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
> Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.'

But the energy of Milton's reference to the future is characteristic rather than conventional. Although Phineas Fletcher, in *The Purple Island*, vi. 78, has:

> "Home, then, my lambs; the falling drops eschew;
> To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new."

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